Pigeon Cove and Vicinity

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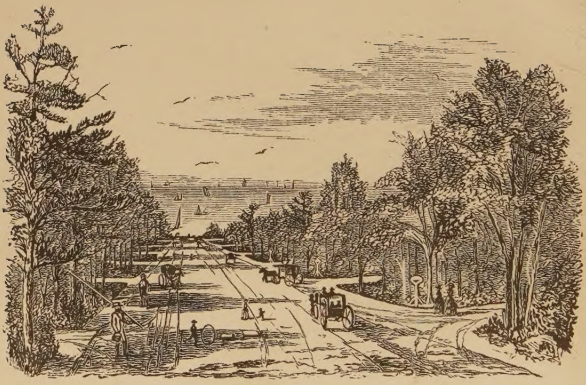

BABSON AVENUE.

PIGEON COVE

AND

VICINITY.

BY

HENRY C. LEONARD.

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The author makes acknowledgment of indebtedness to John J. Babson's "History of Gloucester" for passages of local history; to the "Encyclopædia Americana" for the extract from its sketch of Capt. John Smith; to "Young's Chronicles" for "Anthony Thatcher's Narrative," and a few quotations from relations of other writers; and to the "Atlantic Monthly" and several volumes of the poets from Osgood & Co.'s publications for much valuable matter. He also renders thanks to Ebenezer Pool, of Rockport, for the help of interesting records, and for the aid of other neighbors, whose names are given in connection with their contributions. Moreover, he would add that he is confident that the artist, Thomas Lee Bulson, of Albany, N.Y., and the engraver, John Andrew, of Boston, will have the praise which is their due for fittingly adorning these beautifully printed pages.

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PIGEON COVE AND VICINITY.

TOPOGRAPHY OF CAPE ANN.

PIGEON COVE VILLAGE.

THE promontory called Cape Ann is the wall between Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Bay. The old common road, extending from Salem, north-eastwardly along the south shore of the Cape, through Beverly, Pride's Crossing, Beverly Farms, West Manchester, Manchester, Magnolia, Gloucester West Parish, and Gloucester Harbor, to

Rockport, the terminal town, is sixteen miles. The road parallel with the north shore of the Cape, extending from Essex or the Chebacco River to the mouth of Squam River, and from Annisquam Village, on the opposite side of the river, through Bay View, Lanesville, and Folly Cove, to Pigeon Cove, the north village of Rockport, is nine miles. Gloucester, including Magnolia, the West Parish, Riverdale, Annisquam, Bay View, Lanesville, and Folly Cove, is the principal Cape town. It is bounded by Manchester and Essex on the west, by Ipswich Bay on the north, Rockport on the east, and Massachusetts Bay on the south. Rockport, including Pigeon Cove, being at the end of the Cape, except on the west is sea-girt. Squam River, mainly an inlet from Ipswich Bay, with its many branches and coves, and the addition of a short canal on the Massachusetts Bay side, known as the Cut, separates from Magnolia and the West Parish all the rest of the Cape. So the more populous villages of Gloucester, and together with these the villages of Rockport and Pigeon Cove, have their seats on an island. They are reached from the main land by crossing the railway bridge in the cars, and the bridge spanning the Cut, in the ordinary ways of journeying.

The general aspect of the Cape is rugged. West of Squam River, granite hills and ledges occupy the entire territory. Many of the elevations of Magnolia and the West Parish are craggy and

bald, but a large portion of them are covered with forest. Tompson's Mountain is the highest elevation of the Cape. Climbing to its dome-like top on a fair day, the curious, without field or opera-glasses, easily discern Bunker Hill Monument, Wachusett, Monadnock, Gunstock, and Agamenticus. Among the hills of Magnolia and the West Parish, there are swamps fragrant with magnolias and water-lilies, tangled dales and sinuous brooks, cultivated meadows, apple orchards, and patches of vegetables and grain. The small neighborhoods here and there, and the sequestered homes scattered throughout the rugged precinct, complete the unplanned but picturesque and charming disposition of things.

Squam River, with its branches and coves, is bordered partly by salt marshes, and partly by rocky points, necks and islands. It is also dotted with a few rocks and small islands. From its mouth, or connection with Ipswich Bay, westward to the Chebacco River, stretches Coffin's Beach, with its hillocks of white sand, thinly tufted with coarse, innutritious grasses. The hills nearest to Coffin's Beach and Ipswich Bay are largely stripped of their once dense covering of wood ; yet, to the stranger, they present the unique adornings of granite boulders, clumps of barberry bushes, and thickets of blueberry and bayberry shrubs.

Eastward from Squam River, to Gap Head and Andrews' Point, the southern and northern outer-

most projections of the Cape, the features do not differ from those of the district which has been described. From Gloucester Harbor on the south side of the Cape, to Annisquam and Bay View on the north side, extends irregularly a range of hills, some with broad slopes, and others with steep sides. The highway from Gloucester Harbor to Annisquam, through Riverdale, runs between these hills and Squam River. These highlands are chiefly bare of trees, but warted all over with boulders of granite, from the size of a lap-stone to that of a one-story dwelling. They are deeply gashed across too, at several points, by dells and ravines, which drain a few bogs and swamps, and afford shelter and nourishment to willows, alders, woodbine, clematis, and wild roses.

Eastward from this range of hills, to the end of the Cape, the same interchange of hill and valley continues. Moreover, a great part of this background of Lanesville, Folly Cove, Pigeon Cove, and Rockport, extending across the Cape from Ipswich Bay to Massachusetts Bay, is overgrown with wood. A spur projecting from the south side of the Cape, between Little Good Harbor Beach and the head of the harbor, at Gloucester, far into Massachusetts Bay, bearing the name of Eastern Point, is the chief protection of the harbor of Gloucester. Between Gloucester Harbor and the Rockport line, there are several hills commanding broad views of towns, harbors, bays, and

diversified regions of inland. One of the highest of these is Lookout Hill. On the south side of the Cape, near the Rockport line, is Little Good Harbor Beach. It is walled in on the Gloucester side by the Bass Rocks, and on the Rockport side by Salt Island. From Little Good Harbor Beach over a rocky point, within the Rockport line, Long Beach is reached; and next, after fording a stream and passing a crag, Pebble Stone Beach. From these beaches, and from the coves and points farther toward Gap Head, there is a fine prospect of Milk Island, flat and low, and without trees; Thatcher's Island, with its tall light-houses; and a wide sweep of Massachusetts Bay, and of the Atlantic outside. From Gap Head, the southern extreme point of the Cape, across the Gut to Straitsmouth Island, it is but a few minutes' toil with the oars.

The road leading from Gloucester Harbor to Rockport, after crossing the line, passes through a farm called Beaver Dam. The cultivated part of Beaver Dam is in a basin, which may have once been a lake. In the woods bounding this basin on the south, and shielded from the sea by the densely wooded hills near Long Beach, is a lakelet distinguished as Cape Pond. Being the larger of the only two considerable bodies of fresh water on the Cape, this plain name is appropriate. It has a rim of pebbles and rushes, and high, precipitous surroundings of ledge and wildwood. Near its

eastern end is a bog of alders and cedars, in which the herons rear their young. A short distance from this heronry, on the south-eastern slope of Great Hill, our artist made his sketch of Cape Pond.

Great Hill rises from the basin of Beaver Dam, and from Cape Pond, abruptly. The road passing through Beaver Dam, which has been alluded to, runs over its top. The slope of this height eastward, the distance of a mile or more to the shore of Sandy Bay, is gradual. From the top of this elevation, the traveller's eye is not only turned backward and downward into the basin of Beaver Dam, a charming Sleepy Hollow, pent in by encircling rocky and woody ridges, and into the deep and shady hiding-place of Cape Pond, to catch a gleam of the diamond in its rough but beautiful setting, but it is uplifted from the hollow and the shadows, and the glint of the almost hidden gem, to overlook the hills of rock and forest between Cape Pond and Massachusetts Bay, and a large extent of the Bay, besides, dotted with white sails. Then it sweeps eastward to Rockport village, on the south-east shore of Sandy Bay, and thence stretches over Sandy Bay, lying between the south and the north extreme points of the Cape, and far, far over the wide sea to the horizon.

Northward from Great Hill is Poole's Hill. Through the valley between these hills, the Gloucester and Rockport Branch of the Eastern Railway

runs. Poole's Hill being higher than Great Hill, the lover of magnificent landscapes and seascapes, ascending towards its top, is certain of ample reward for his toil.

Northward and eastward of Poole's Hill are some of the most extensive granite quarries on the Cape. And between these quarries and Pigeon Cove Harbor looms the broad, round, smooth form of Pigeon Hill. This elevation, belonging to the grade next below Tompson's Mountain, originally rough with boulders and shaggy with oaks, pines, bushes, and brakes, is mainly under the hand of culture. It would be difficult to find richer fields of grass and grain than Mr. Rowe's and Mr. Eames's on this hill. The ascent from the south side of this height is long and easy; from the east, more steep and difficult, but in a grassy lane leading from Mr. Eames's residence; from the north, still more abrupt, and part of the way by foot-paths through wood and pasture. An observatory seventy-five or a hundred feet high on this elevation would afford a grander view, and perhaps a more interesting one in minor particulars, than the one gained by climbing Tompson's Mountain; for even now, without the aid of an observatory, the prospect from Pigeon Hill is excelled nowhere on the New England coast. On this height, the eye takes in a portion of Massachusetts Bay; Sandy Bay, between the horns of the Cape; the broad offing of the ocean; Ipswich Bay, and the long coast of hills,

headlands, and beaches from the Chebacco River to Agamenticus; and the Buttercups, dark blue hills near the ancient town of York, in Maine. Other objects belong to this prospect: on the right hand, the village of Rockport; farther toward Gap Head, Norwood's Head; Gap Head and Straitsmouth Island; and southward from these points, Thatcher's Island and Milk Island; in front, three miles from the base of the hill, the Salvages, bare, savage rocks, with heads just lifted above the water, wearing a fitting name, albeit as it was anciently spelled and written; around the foot of the hill, the beginning of the village of Pigeon Cove as it is approached from Rockport; on the left hand, close to the foot of the hill, Pigeon Cove Harbor, with its breakwater, wharves and shipping, and its collection of buildings; the post-office, several stores, a few stone-workers' sheds, groups of fish-houses, and a score of dwellings; farther northward, on ascending ground, the continuation of the village, comprising the comely church and the spacious and pleasant summer hotels and boarding-houses; farther still, northward, Andrews' Point, the northern termination of the Cape, partly clad with hardy oaks, walnuts and pines, and laid out with winding avenues and gravelled walks, like a park; besides, more than a score of miles from Andrews' Point, the Isles of Shoals; then far away on the main land, the villages of Essex and Ipswich; Indian Hill, in Newbury; Powow Hill,

in Amesbury; and Newburyport, on the Merrimack. Thus are pointed out some of the grander general outlines, and some of the finer marks and dots of the prospect from Pigeon Hill, as seen by the observer on this height in the present day.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, THE DISCOVERER.

What this prospect was more than two hundred and fifty years ago may be conjectured in part from Captain John Smith's report of his survey of the land and coast, which he named New England. In 1614, after passing through manifold trials and perils in different parts of the world, the strangest of which were those of service in the armies of Austria, and those of life with the early colonists of Virginia, this great adventurer, in command of two ships sent from England on a voyage of trading, fishing, and discovery, came to the island of Monhegan, off the coast of Maine. Leaving most of the men of the two vessels to fulfil one purpose of the voyage, — namely, that of catching and curing cod, then plentiful thereabout, — with a few men in an open boat, as in former years on the Virginia waters had been his wont, he started on the hazardous purpose of discovery. He followed the coast from Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod. Both by his narra-

tive, and the chart which he made, the extent of his survey is shown. He sounded and learned the depth of many harbors. Two of his tarrying places for brief seasons were Ipswich and Salem, then known by their Indian names, Agawam and Naumkeag. While at Ipswich, his eye scanned the north shore of our Cape from Coffin's Beach, or the mouth of Squam River, to Andrews' Point. He does not say in his report that he landed at any point on the Cape, but it may be believed that he touched the shore now and then for a moment's rest while doubling the great headland; for, though he traversed a wide bay, and shaped his course to pass craggy islands and irregular shores of rock and sand, favored by calm and mild weather, he had not many or great difficulties to overcome in order to land. Besides, there were attractions presented to his mind, influencing him to so name the Cape and the three islands near its southern extreme point as to commemorate the kindness of a Turkish lady, and also certain of his own romantic achievements. Tragabigzanda was the lady's name, which he gave to the Cape. The three islands, Straitsmouth, Thatcher's, and Milk, he called the Three Turks' Heads. A concise chapter of his life, so written as to help the reader to see by what memories he was affected while he made his way around our "fair headland" from Ipswich River and Plum Island to Salem, should here be quoted.

In this way it runs: "The Emperor" (of Austria) "being at war with the Turks, Smith entered his service as a volunteer. A well conducted and successful exploit obtained for the youthful adventurer the command of a company of two hundred and fifty horse, in the regiment of Count Meldrick, a nobleman of Transylvania. In this new situation, Smith distinguished himself by his talents and bravery; and his commander passing from the imperial into the Transylvanian army, he accompanied him. At the siege of Regal, the Ottomans sent a challenge, purporting that the Lord Turbisha, for the diversion of the ladies, would fight any single captain of the Christian troops. The honor of meeting the barbarian was decided by lot among the Christians, and fell upon Smith, who accordingly fought and overcame him, within sight of the ladies, and bore his head in triumph to his general. A friend of the infidel, upon this, sent a particular challenge to Smith, who accepted it, and engaging with him in the presence of the ladies, as before, slew him in like manner, and sent a message into the town to inform the ladies, if they wished for further sport, they were welcome to his head, provided their third champion could take it. Bonamalgro appeared as his antagonist, and having unhorsed him was near gaining the victory; but Smith remounted in a fortunate moment, and with a stroke of his falchion brought the Turk to the earth, and added his head to the former trophies of

his prowess. On his return to the Christian army, he was received in the most distinguished manner; was honored with a military procession of six thousand men; was presented with a horse, elegantly caparisoned, a cimeter worth three hundred ducats, and a commission as a major. When the place was captured, the prince of Transylvania gave Smith his picture set in gold, with a pension of three hundred ducats per annum, and a coat of arms bearing three Turks' heads in a shield. After this, the army in which he served was defeated by the enemy, on which occasion he was wounded, and lay among the dead. The victors, discovering him to be a person of consequence, used him well till his wounds were healed, and then sold him to a pacha, who made a present of him to his mistress at Constantinople. Smith conducted himself in so pleasing a manner as to gain the affections of the lady, who, to prevent his being ill-used, sent him to her brother, a pacha on the borders of the Sea of Azoph, upon the pretence that he should there learn the manners, religion, &c., of the natives. By the terms of the letter the brother suspected the true state of the case; and in an hour after his arrival, Smith was stripped, had his head and beard shaven, and was driven to labor with the Christian slaves. An opportunity presented itself for his escape, which he took advantage of with his usual courage. Being employed in threshing, about a league from the house of his tyrant, who visited

him daily, and treated him in the most abusive and cruel manner. Smith watched his opportunity while they were together, and despatched him by a stroke of his threshing instrument. He secreted the body in the straw, and securing a bag of grain mounted the pacha's horse, and betook himself to the desert, where he wandered for two or three days, until he came to a post, by the marks on which he made his way into Muscovy, and in sixteen days arrived at a place on the river Don, occupied by a Russian garrison. Here he was kindly received."

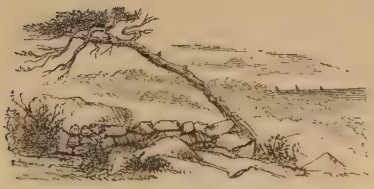
Referring in his description of New England to the locality now known as Salem, Captain Smith says: "From hence doth stretch into the sea the fair headland Tragabigzanda, fronted with three isles, called the Three Turks' Heads." This language gives the impression that the discoverer took pleasure in thinking that he had found a fitting point on the coast to bear the name of his benefactress. Whittier, our genuine New England poet, referring to Cape Ann, in his loving tribute to the Merrimack, presumes that Captain Smith gave the Turkish name with as much ceremony as with his little company he could attempt. Thus he sings: —

> "On yonder rocky Cape which braves
> The stormy challenge of the waves,
> Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood
> The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,

Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
St. George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story; —
Of her — the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters —
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave."

Proceeding from his reference to the "fair headland," and to the "three isles" fronting it, Captain Smith further says: "To the north of this" (the fair headland) "doth enter a great bay, where we found some habitations and cornfields." Clearly, in the beginning of this sentence, Ipswich Bay is meant; but, as to the meaning of the words following, nothing can be positively said. It may be considered probable, however, that the "habitations and cornfields" were found somewhere on the north side of the Cape. Tools and weapons of Indian manufacture, lately found on Folly Point, on the northern slope of Pigeon Hill, and near Pigeon Cove, as well as others like them dug in recent and in former days from the sands of Coffin's Beach, are silent but admissible witnesses which strengthen the probability.

ANCIENT TREES.



THE OLD CEDAR.

Moreover, let it not be supposed that there were no fertile, sunny places for corn on the north side of the Cape in the long ago time in review. There were here then giant oaks and lofty pines, which both attested the strength of the soil and shielded the cornfields from wind and storm. Many of these majestic trees stood on Andrews' Point, and were felled and made into keels and ribs for ships, within the memory of persons still living. A few of these trees stand to-day to tell of the ancient forest grandeur of the "fair headland." A dozen or more of them are in the Babson pasture, inside the highway passing Halibut Point. One old oak near Pigeon Cove Harbor, occupying scant ground between ruts made by wheels carrying granite to the breakwater, and Mr. Marchant's coal-yard, if it were like Tennyson's "Talking Oak," would no doubt rehearse the incidents of three hundred years. Still in the

spring-time it puts forth leaves on its shrivelling branches, and in the autumn wears its coronal of richest hue. A red cedar, without question as

THE OLD OAK.

ancient as this "Old Oak," and showing but a hint of its former beauty in its top, fashioned now somewhat like a crow's nest, leans landward over a wall, near Hoop Pole Cove, seeming to say: "I have braved and resisted the tempests of three centuries, of more years than the white men have been familiar with my surroundings; yet now I must die and give place to the group of hardy children at my side. May not their life be shortened as mine has been by the axe and knife of irreverent and careless hands." On high ground, overlooking this tree and Hoop Pole Cove, the villager sees a thousand objects on land and ocean, instructive to his thought, striking to his wonder, and pleasing to his fancy; but none of these objects touch his heart more certainly, as with a human voice of grave and tender tone, than the

"Old Cedar," the age and endurance of which have been the subject of fireside converse through generation after generation of his kindred before him.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME CAPE ANN.

In "Hubbard's Narrative," as given in "Young's Chronicles," Cape Ann and the Three Islands near its head are alluded to as having easily set aside the Turkish names which from 1614 they had borne. "Neither of them glorying in these Mahometan titles," says the narrator, Rev. William Hubbard, of Ipswich, "the promontory willingly exchanged its name for that of Cape Anne, imposed, as is said, by Captain Mason, and which it retaineth to this day, in honor of our famous Queen Anne, the royal consort of King James; and the three islands are now known by other names." As to the relation of the origin of the new name, Dr. Young says: "This is a mistake. The name was altered by Prince Charles, in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark. See Mass. Hist. Coll., xxvi. 97, 99, and xxiii. 20." Mr. Hubbard died in Ipswich, Sept. 14, 1704, aged eighty-three.

SANDY BAY.

The part of the ocean at the end of the Cape lying between Gap Head and Straitsmouth Island on the south, and Andrews' Point on the north, in the first chapter of this book alluded to as Sandy Bay, has borne this name since the day of the first settlers around it. It is a semi-circular bay, bordered by a shore notched with little indentations called Coves. The seaward granite borders of these coves have been massively and solidly built upon with stone to a great height, so that safe harbors for stone-sloops, coasters, and fishing-craft have been made. The harbor at Rockport, on the south side of Sandy Bay, is a double one with two entrances. The harbor at Pigeon Cove, on the north side, is a single basin with one entrance, and that is close to the shore, approached from the south. Two or three smaller harbors between these two are occupied exclusively by stone vessels. Between the harbor of Rockport and the harbor of the Granite Company, — the latter, halfway to Pigeon Cove, — there are three beaches, separated from each other by narrow, jagged necks and points of granite. From these beaches arose the name borne by the Bay.

Across Sandy Bay, from Andrews' Point to Gap Head and Straitsmouth Island, the distance is

about four miles. From Rockport or from Pigeon Cove eastward to the Salvages, or the Savage Rocks, it is three miles. The Salvages unfold their harsh and cruel character when vessels are tossed upon them by the storm, or when they encounter them in thick, bewildering fog.

FIRST SETTLERS OF SANDY BAY.

Prior to 1700, the inhabitants around Sandy Bay were few. There remains to day on Gap Head the cellar of a house which was probably occupied by John Babson in 1695. The land which he held at that point was granted to him to use as a fishing-station. The wildness of his surroundings may be imagined from the circumstance that one day he encountered a bear, which he killed with a knife, since he had no other weapon with which to deal a deadly blow, and so free himself from the fierce animal. Taking off the skin of the bear, and spreading it upon a rock to dry, at the end of the neck which is the middle ground between the two parts of the harbor at Rockport, he gave occasion to the Chebacco or Ipswich fishermen, passing in their boats and catching sight of the bloody thing, to call the neck the name it is known by to-day, — "Bearskin Neck."

Babson did not permanently fix himself at his fishing-station. In 1721 he sold the property and moved away.

Richard Tarr was the first permanent settler near Sandy Bay. It is nearly certain that he located on the south side of Davison's Run before Babson began his fishing enterprise on Gap Head.

John Poole soon followed Tarr, and built a house on the north side of Davison's Run.

Several years rolled by before other settlers joined these two.

FIRST SETTLERS OF PIGEON COVE.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century a few persons took up their abode near Halibut Point, Andrews' Point, and Pigeon Cove; namely, Samuel Gott, William Andrews, Joshua Norwood, Jethro Wheeler, Jethro Wheeler, Jr., and Thomas Harris. These, and two or three others who settled near Pebble Stone Beach, were the only and not very near neighbors of Tarr and Poole.

ANCIENT HOUSES.

THE OLD HOUSE.

A gambrel-roofed house near Halibut Point was the home of Samuel Gott. Being on high ground, its inmates of the departed years were favored, as are those who occupy it to day, with a broad view of land and sea.

Another habitation known as the "Old Castle," on the ledge overlooking the harbor of Pigeon Cove, now surrounded by other dwellings, was the abode of one of the Wheelers. Architecturally, the "Old Castle" is unlike the "Gott House," its front roof being of the ordinary slope, its back roof descending to within a few feet of the ground, and its upper story jutting over the lower, in the manner of a block-house. Its craggy site, once wild and unshorn, no doubt suggested the name by which it is now called.

Still another house, more ancient perhaps than these dwellings just described, the residence now of Joseph Babson, is honored with the distinction of

being the "Old House." It stands in a field, a short distance from the Pigeon Cove House. But a part of this edifice is more ancient than its venerable neighbors. The tradition is, that this part was erected in 1692 by two young men, as a safe retreat for their mother, who had been proclaimed a witch. So far from the settlements of Salem, hidden in the deep woods, the misunderstood and persecuted woman was beyond the reach of the hangman. Joshua Norwood enlarged and improved this house, and for some time made it his home. In 1740 he left it, and moved to Gap Head. Since then the "Old House" has been several times modified by additions and adornings, so that it is admired for its comely modern as well as its venerable features. Its thick oaken walls, low rooms, great corner-posts and cross-beams, ample chimneys, and small window-panes, make a pleasing contrast with the showy but less substantial dwellings built in the present day. Its extensions and verandas, overrun with woodbine and flowering vines, and its dark paint, like weather-stain, are in harmony with its older parts and its picturesque surroundings.

THE GATE.

From the beginning of the Pigeon Cove settlement to the Revolutionary War, the gain in population was small. The few persons who occupied the farms between Pigeon Hill and Folly Cove had communication with one another for many years only by a rough cart-road and by narrow foot-paths. Near Pigeon Cove Harbor, where the good road of to-day begins to ascend toward the Pigeon Cove House, a gate crossed the way. Among the records of the town of Gloucester, there is one item referring to this gate which was written January 4th, 1722, and signed by three commissioners and Jethro Wheeler. It is sufficiently interesting to have place here: "Granted to J. Wheeler about four acres of land joining his own: And is in consideration of, and full satisfaction for, the way going through his land, and for his tending and maintaining a good and sufficient gate or gates for cart or sled to pass through forever, whenever any have occasion to pass over said way."

EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

During the eventful period of the Revolutionary War, some of the sea-fights, and occasional visits of British men-of-war in search of forage or on murderous intent, attracted the attention of this isolated neighborhood.

Many of the Cape men, being fishermen and sailors, and thrown out of employment, engaged in privateering. And, inasmuch as their first ventures in this new business were made in their own fishing-craft, and within sight and hearing of their own homes, the people on shore, especially on the outermost points, sometimes witnessed the taking of British vessels. Some of these vessels came from England, and some from Nova Scotia and other British Provinces, with supplies for the British troops stationed in Boston. One Provincial brig, having in her hold coal and iron, and on her deck live-stock, slowly feeling her way along in dense fog, and hearing at length the roar of breakers, dropped anchor off Flat Point. Nothing being visible for the fog, and the surf at the right beating against Straitsmouth Island, and the surf at the left beating against Thatcher's Island, and the surf directly forward beating against Flat Point, raved so threateningly, that there was for the brig but the chance to wait for the fog to clear away. The fog lifted, but only to give a man on

shore a glimpse of the brig, and to settle down as before. There was no time lost in making known at the point where Rockport Harbor now is the character and situation of the stranger. A fishing-vessel soon hailed her, and was allowed to make fast to her side. Then a strong crew, enlisted for the purpose, too strong for the men of the brig to resist, broke out from the hold of the little craft and took possession of the rich prize. The cattle were landed immediately, and put in the hill-side pasture overlooking the middle beach of Sandy Bay. The brig was then taken to Wheeler's Point, in Squam Harbor. After her coal and iron had been mostly secured, she slid from her bed near the shore into the channel and sank.

An ordnance ship from England, bringing to the British troops in Boston valuable war material, such as small arms and cannon, and a monster mortar, was captured and brought into Gloucester Harbor. The ordnance, much needed by the Americans, was hauled over land to Cambridge, where it was gladly received by Washington.

But all the sea-conflicts near the Cape were not successful for the privateers. This is shown by Mr. Babson in the "History of Gloucester" in his account of the capture of the "Yankee Hero." This vessel had been built for privateering at Newburyport. On a fine June day she started for Gloucester to "complete her armament and crew." "On the same day a large ship appeared off the

Cape, which seemed to be clumsily worked, and to have but few men on board. Supposing she could be easily taken, the people of Sandy Bay," then grown to the number of three or four hundred, "made preparations to board her. They were urged on by Lieutenant Poole, who on this occasion showed more valor than discretion. He persuaded Captain Rowe, against his own better judgment, to join in the enterprise; for the latter had some suspicions that the vessel was a ship-of-war in disguise. Every mechanic, fisherman, and farmer, that could be found, was enlisted, to the number of twenty; and, having procured three fishing-boats, they proceeded fearlessly to the attack. They had scarcely left their moorings, when the 'Yankee Hero' hove in sight, coming round Halibut Point. The boats steered directly for her; and, upon getting alongside, the men were received on board by Captain Tracy," the commander, "who eagerly declared his readiness to attack the British ship. The boats were sent back, and the brig made all sail and stood towards the ship; into which, as she got within cannon-shot, she let off a broadside. The ship immediately opened two tiers of ports, and sent such a broadside in return as satisfied our Cape men of their mistake. Poole wished to board the ship, and carry her sword in hand, or die in the attempt; but his advice of this reckless measure was unheeded, and a fight commenced almost under the

ship's guns. The brig maintained the contest about an hour; at the end of which, having spent her ammunition, she struck to the British frigate 'Milford,' of thirty-six guns. The brig's last gun was filled with pieces of iron, spikes, and a crowbar. The latter, being the only missile left on board, was thrust into the gun by Poole, who when he went on board the frigate as a prisoner discovered this new implement of war sticking through the bits of her windlass. It was called by the British sailors the 'Yankee belaying pin.'"

Early in August, after the Bunker Hill battle of the 17th of June, 1775, a British sloop-of-war, the "Falcon," several days hovered round the north shore of the Cape. She spent her time while in Ipswich Bay impressing men from vessels and boats, and sending barges to the shore here and there to take cattle and sheep. One day she sent a barge to Coffin's Beach to get sheep from Major Coffin's farm. The sturdy major, and five or six of his neighbors whom he had mustered, from behind sand-hills fired well-aimed rifles so rapidly at the approaching enemy, that the latter, believing that a much greater force withstood them, beat a retreat. Afterwards the same barge went into Squam Harbor to cut out a vessel, supposed to be a West Indiaman, deep in the water with a valuable cargo; but the vessel was found to be heavily laden with sand. Subsequently the "Falcon" sailed into Massachusetts Bay, and entered Glouces-

ter Harbor, holding in hand a West Indiaman, which she had captured, as a prize, and pursuing another, to double her success. But she was so hotly opposed by the brave men on shore, that she fled to sea, leaving the two Indiamen, several barges, and thirty-five men as the cost of her temerity.

AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Forward from the close of the Revolutionary War, the population at the end of the Cape, within the limits of the territory known since 1840 as Rockport, increased rapidly. Mr. Babson, the careful and thorough historian of the Cape, records the "striking fact" that this "latest settled portion" of the Cape "had, up to 1840, outstripped all the older localities in a proportionate increase of population." "This growth," he says, "is attributed to the success of the shore-fishing for most of this period, to persevering industry in agriculture, and the quarrying of stone; to all of which the economy and other good habits of the people have been important auxiliaries."

PIGEON COVE HARBOR.

Since the shore-fishing could be carried on only in small boats, and the people became ambitious to engage in larger business, the artificial harbors which have been mentioned were built to afford anchorage and shelter to vessels of heavy tonnage. These harbors of Rockport and Pigeon Cove were badly damaged by the great storm of 1841. At Pigeon Cove, the wall which received the brunt of the storm gave way and fell, and the vessels in the harbor were destroyed. A higher, firmer, and more extended barrier now occupies the place of the one demolished, and one would not suppose the sea would ever rise to such a pitch in wrath as to make this great work of thirty years in building, and still in building, a ruin. But some idea of the force of the sea in the time of wind and tempest may be got, by visiting at the end of Andrews' Point an immense block of granite, of a hundred and fifty tons' weight, which, in the disastrous day for the harbor, was wrenched from its solid bed, and whirled over twenty yards to the spot where it lies. The huge block would seem more exposed in its new place than where it had been packed thousands and thousands of years, but there it rests during the toughest gales, warding like a giant the blows of the waves, or, unaffected, taking all their poundings till their rage is spent.

SHORE FROM SEA.

THE VILLAGE AND ANDREWS' POINT.

The town of Rockport to day, the town of two villages, which are almost united by a chain of habitations stretching from one to the other on a single road, as seen from vessels crossing Sandy Bay, or from the Salvages, three miles from shore, or from the steamers and other craft, large and small, passing the outermost points of the Cape, is one of the prettiest of the sea-board towns. Seven churches and chapels, representing different forms of Christian belief; the town-house, ample and convenient for the purposes of the building; the school-houses, erected and used to answer the ends of education; the extensive steam cotton-mill, built

of granite, and made imposing with two massive towers; the isinglass and glue factories; the hide factory; the granite quarries on the woody middle and northern background, advertising themselves to the eye through scores of lofty derricks, and to the ear through powder-blasts loud as reports of heavy ordnance; and the hotels for summer visitors, on the high grounds north of Pigeon Cove Harbor, — all these prominent objects, together with the more numerous and less marked, belonging to the plan of the town, indicate the achievements of a long series of peaceful years. How great have been the victories of peace! A charming picture to the vision of the passing mariners from every commercial land; especially to that of the increasing thousands, who, every midsummer, while resting from the toil of hand and brain, and avoiding the fervors and pestilences of the crowded cities, not only resort to the places of pure air and grateful, cooling breezes for comfort and health, but also indulge the inclination for yachting, and for enjoying from point to point, as they sail, the fine views of the shore from the sea: views to be kept in memory as better than wealth, or all that one might gather and hoard in a lifetime of unbroken, avaricious toil.

The sketches of the sea-fights of the Revolutionary War will not be forgotten. Such bloody encounters are exceptional and startling, and strain the nerves; but if, for right and justice, they

must take place, they take on and wear the dignity and glory of lofty endeavor, of generous and noble self-sacrifice. Stories of such conflicts will be written in books and repeated among the tales of the fireside from year to year for centuries.

EVENTS OF THE LAST WAR WITH ENGLAND.

It has been seen what the old seafaring men of the Cape did, scarcely more than a cannon-shot from the abodes of their wives and children, in the first war with Great Britain. So something should be related here of the similar action of their sons on our waters in the last war with the same power.

"In August, 1813," (Mr. Babson's History is again quoted), "the British ship 'Nymph,' then cruising off the coast, commenced depredations upon the fishermen and coasters, and occasioned considerable alarm among the inhabitants. She made several captures; but her captain released his prizes upon the payment of a ransom, for the purpose of raising which the masters of three coasters and six fishing-boats were ashore at one time. The amount then required was two hundred dollars for each vessel. Resistance in all these cases was, of course, useless; but in one, in which the force of

the enemy was less formidable, our people defended their property successfully. Some time in August, one of the enemy's cruisers, of about sixty tons, called the 'Commodore Broke,' stood into Sandy Bay, with the intention of taking one or more loaded coasters then lying at anchor there. Having neared the shore, and wishing, perhaps, first to try the courage of the people, she fired several large and grape shot into the village; upon which the men of the place assembled on the Neck, and from the north-easterly part of the old wharf, where they had a small cannon, began to fire upon the enemy with that, and also with their small arms. At this time the captain of the cruiser had commenced to sweep out of the bay; but the Cape men did not let him escape without showing him a token of their spirit and skill, for the first cannon-ball they fired at him entered the schooner under her transom, and passing under deck came out near her stern above water. The firing upon the vessel was kept up from Bearskin Neck, and the men at Pigeon Cove gave her several musket-shot as she passed their shore, but she got off without further damage; and our people, by their bravery, preserved a considerable amount of property.

"A more important affair occurred in September at Sandy Bay. The people at that place had, in the spring of this year, erected at their own expense a fort on the point of Bearskin Neck, and

procured for it three carriage-guns, which were placed in charge of a corporal, with a detachment from one of the companies at the Harbor" (Gloucester). "On the 8th of September, the British frigate 'Nymph' took one of the fishing-boats belonging to the place; and her skipper (Captain David Elwell) was compelled to act as pilot for two barges, full of men, which the captain of the frigate determined to send in to get possession of the fort. These barges started from the frigate about midnight, and, hidden from sight by a dense fog, were rowed with muffled oars towards the Neck; and, having reached it, one of the barges proceeded into Long Cove, and landed her men at what is called the 'Eastern Gutter.' The enemy then marched to the fort; took the sentinel by surprise; made prisoners of the soldiers, fourteen in number; spiked the guns, which they threw out of the fort. The other barge went into the old dock on the western side of the Neck; where her men soon encountered some of the people of the village, who had been roused by an alarm given by a sentinel stationed on the Neck, not far from the houses. It was now daybreak, and a clear morning. Several musket-balls were fired at this barge by three of the Cape men, who got in return cannon and grape shot, but received no injury from them. To silence the alarm-bell, which was now ringing, several shot were fired at the belfry of the meeting-house, one of which struck one of

the posts of the steeple. But this attempt had a disastrous and nearly fatal termination for the enemy; for the firing of their large gun caused a butt to start in the bow of the barge, which soon began to fill with water, and finally sank just as the men got her in near the rocks back of the pier. The officer in command, and a few of his men, ran across the Neck, and seizing a boat made their escape. The rest, a dozen or more, were made prisoners. In the mean time, the men who took the fort had, with all their prisoners, or a part of them, got into their barge, and were on their way back to the frigate."

Soon after, an exchange of prisoners was effected; and the British captain gave his word that through the rest of the autumn the fishermen toiling on their fishing-grounds should not be molested. He will be remembered as having honorably kept his promise.

These are some of the few instances of attack from the sea, and of resistance from the land, at the end of the Cape, in the last struggle of our nation with the mother country.

SEA FROM SHORE.

AFTER A STORM, FROM CATHEDRAL ROCK.

But what now is the sea-view from the shore, unfolding the magnificent results of many years of peace, corresponding with the shore-view from the sea, which has been described?

The commerce of the world is largely represented on our offing and in Massachusetts Bay. Outward bound and inward bound ships, barques and brigs, belonging to all sea-bordering lands, are almost daily seen from our own windows. Some are going to or coming from the distant East Indies

and Japan; some to or from Eastern or Western Africa, or the Cape of Good Hope; some to or from Asia Minor, or Egypt, or Southern Europe, or Northern Europe, or Great Britain; some to or from Brazil, Chili, Peru, California, the Sandwich Islands, Australia; and some to Borneo and other spicy islands of the Pacific sea. Often within view, added to these larger craft bearing rich cargoes and scented with foreign odors, are the countless smaller vessels of the Canadian Dominion and of our own coasting and fishing fleets; and, together with these, the steamships and steamboats that plough the Atlantic between Boston and Liverpool and other European ports; between Boston and the principal cities of Maine; and Boston and St. John's; and Boston and Halifax. Now and then comes a rare day for the display of white sails, when the pomp of peace on the sea is surveyed as excelling the grandest exhibition of naval warfare the world ever saw. There has been a week of storm, and all the harbors of Massachusetts Bay are crowded with vessels waiting for fair weather. At length the sky is clear, and the morning sun shines upon a thousand steaming decks. The wind blows steadily from the west. Presently the whole bay is covered with sails driving toward the open sea. After gaining the wide space of our offing, they disperse in splendid style, in all directions. Or the mackerel-fleets are busy with lines and nets in Ipswich Bay, and near

the Salvages. The observer on shore, sitting in his veranda, and sweeping with his vision from right to left the interesting spectacle, counts five or six hundred schooners.

One having a home by the sea is continually reminded of broad relationship and boundless society. While strengthened and deepened in local attachments, he is made more and more a cosmopolitan. If he travels far into the country and sojourns among the mountains, being a lover of Nature in all her forms and moods, and quick to discover and appreciate her grander or more beautiful arrangements, her wonderful though common lights and shadows, he readily, now and then, indulges the fancy that a house on some slope he sees, shielded from the north and east winds by lofty peaks, fronted by meadows through which there is a stretch of river into the distant southern horizon, and glorified at the close of every fair day by the rays of the descending sun, would be a delightful home; and he does not wonder that so many persons of abundant means retire from the artificial life of the closely packed towns, to enjoy the quiet pleasures of a place like this. And his fancy is not so wild as many would deem it; but he is not led away by it so far, that he loses the thought of the superlative advantages of his seaside habitation. He returns to the shore of the heaving main, thinking that here he can have loneliness or society according to his wish. If, in the

ordinary sense he have no connection with neighborhood, he yet, in looking day by day upon the sea, will feel that he is in communication with the ends of the earth, that the pulse of the most distant lands give answer to his questioning touch, that he exchanges thought with a great brotherhood, not only in the gay fleets that so often pass his eye, and in the "sister commonwealths" of the continent behind him, and in the proud realms of Europe, but in far-away Hindostan, Sumatra, China, and Japan. Living by the sea, he is at once apart from the haunts of men, and a citizen of the world. At the "ocean's edge," he may, and does perhaps, go farther and see more than many who sail abroad. Thoreau reports him as singing this charming strain: —

"My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'er-reach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother pebble and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore,
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view:
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew."

FIRST SUMMER VISITORS.

About the time when Sandy Bay and Pigeon Cove were set off from Gloucester, and became the town of Rockport (1840), Richard H. Dana, Senior, looking for a pleasant summer retreat, found Pigeon Cove, and took up his abode here for the season. In 1842 William Cullen Bryant here joined his venerable friend, and spent the summer with him in delightful rambles on the shore, in the pastures, and in the woods. Mr. Brackett, the sculptor, also came, and moulded a bust of Mr. Bryant. That was a summer to be remembered by the village people; for men with seeing vision and acutest faculties and clearest utterance made a survey of their little seaside hamlet and its environs, interpreted the marvels all about them, and shed the light of their presence upon the common things of sea and land always within sight. Since then our woods have a charm which they did not seem to contain before: our ledges, crags, and boulders, mottled with moss; our hills and pastures, adorned with groves of pine and oak, and with patches of huckleberry and bayberry bushes; our bold and sloping granite shores, perpetually kept clean by the washings of the sea, — have meaning and value far above the usual estimate which men set upon such possessions.

Mr. Dana and Mr. Brackett had rooms in the old tavern on the south side of Pigeon Cove Harbor, then kept by William Norwood, Jr. Mr. Bryant sojourned in the "Old House" with John Wheeler, at that time its owner. In later summers Mr. Dana chose the "Old House" as his tarrying place, the seaside inn having been discovered and occupied by families from one neighborhood in Boston. Mr. Bryant soon bought a seashore home, near Flushing, on Long Island, and did not again visit Pigeon Cove. Mr. Dana continued his visits a few seasons, and then built a summer house for himself on the south shore of our Cape, within the limits of Manchester. Though both were in manner reserved and retiring, they yet crossed the thresholds of some of the homes in the village, and of others sequestered in the woods near the village, and so discoursed with the inmates of these abodes that their words are still recalled and repeated with pride and pleasure. A chance meeting with Mr. Dana on a fair day in the shade of the pines, or on a stormy day on the shore of the sea, was a benediction; for, in either case, in choice words and pleasant tones he interpreted the look and voice of Nature. Listening to his talk of Washington Allston, after the going down of the sun till into the morning hours of one and two, was an experience of deepest and most enchanting entertainment. A starry summer night with a poet whose "temples, wan and gray," had long worn a glorious crown,

with a sage of song, telling the rare story of the great artist, cannot pass from the memory into the realm of things forgotten. The low room in the "Old House," dimly lighted by a wick soon to flicker in the socket and go out, was illumined in such wise that there was no need of lamp or taper to lend it radiance.

One selection from Mr. Dana's poems will not be here out of place. It shall be

THE PLEASURE-BOAT.

"Come, hoist the sail, the fast let go!
They're seated side by side;
Wave chases wave in pleasant flow:
The bay is fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat.
Loose! — Give her to the wind!
She shoots ahead, — they're all afloat:
The strand is far behind.

No danger reach so fair a crew;
Thou goddess of the foam,
I'll ever pay thee worship due,
If thou wilt bring them home.

Fair ladies, fairer than the spray
The prow is dashing wide,
Soft breezes take you on your way,
Soft flow the blessed tide!

Oh, might I like those breezes be,
And touch that arching brow,
I'd toil for ever on the sea
Where ye are floating now!

The boat goes tilting on the waves;
  The waves go tilting by;
There dips the duck, — her back she laves;
  O'erhead the sea-gulls fly.

Now, like the gulls that dart for prey,
  The little vessel stoops;
Now rising shoots along her way,
  Like them, in easy swoops.

The sun light falling on her sheet,
  It glitters like the drift
Sparkling in scorn of summer's heat,
  High up some mountain rift.

The winds are fresh; she's driving fast
  Upon the bending tide,
The crinkling sail and crinkling mast
  Go with her side by side.

Why dies the breeze away so soon?
  Why hangs the pennant down?
The sea is glass; the sun at noon.
  — Nay, lady, do not frown;

For, see, the winged fisher's plume
  Is painted on the sea:
Below, a cheek of lovely bloom,
  Whose eyes look up at thee.

She smiles; thou need'st must smile on her;
  And, see, beside her face
A rich, white cloud that doth not stir.
  What beauty and what grace!

And pictured beach of yellow sand,
  And peaked rock and hill,
Change the smooth sea to fairy land.
  How lovely and how still!

From that far isle the thresher's flail
Strikes close upon the ear;
The leaping fish, the swinging sail
Of yonder sloop sound near.

The parting sun sends out a glow
Across the placid bay,
Touching with glory all the show. —
A breeze! — Up helm! — Away!

Careening to the wind, they reach,
With laugh and call, the shore.
They've left their foot-prints on the beach;
But *them* I hear no more.

Goddess of Beauty, must I now
Vowed worship to thee pay?
Dear goddess, I grow old, I trow:
My head is growing gray."

THE FIRST PIGEON COVE HOUSE.

The number of summer visitors so increased, that Mr. Norwood left the tavern on the south side of the Cove, and opened a house in a pleasanter situation, six hundred yards up the ascent, on the north side. At first he and his accomplished wife had rooms for a few families only: for their house was but of the common style in New England, fifty and sixty years ago: square, with large chimney-stack in the centre, roof front and rear sloping

from the chimney to the eaves equally, and the front entrance between the two front rooms. But this house was enlarged to accommodate newcomers with the old, till it became the building of many gables which we see in our artist's representation. After Mr. Norwood's death, Mrs. Norwood remained in it many years as the hostess still, successfully fulfilling the duties of her place, and winning the respect and commendation of the large number from all quarters of the land who tried the comfort and entertainment of her homelike abode.

Several other homes of the neighborhood also entertained strangers; so that Pigeon Cove, though not departing from simple, unfashionable ways, donned a habit somewhat new, and became widely known as a watering-place.

Gentlemen, whether with or without families, came to Pigeon Cove, not to waste their substance and wear their life out in excesses and follies, but for rest and quiet and healthful pastimes; for ocean-view and seaside ramble; for good air from over the brine, and healing whiffs from the balsamic pines; and for all the pure and sweet pleasures which can be had where rural and marine attractions and charms are so singularly and happily brought together. Clergymen and many of their intimate friends were accustomed to spend their summer vacations here. They came from all the Christian communions; but to dwell to-

gether here as children and brethren of one family. The remembrance of them is undimmed, and their names are repeated without recourse to leaves of record. A list of shining names: Drs. E. S. Gannett, Cyrus Bartol, J. F. Clarke, T. B. Thayer, Kirk and Stone, of Boston; Drs. Chapin and Bellows, of New York; President Wayland and Bishop Clark, of Providence; Dr. Hill, of Worcester; Dr. Allen, of Northampton; and Revs. Thomas Starr King, Charles H. Leonard, J. G. Adams, C. H. Fay, and A. D. Mayo. Of the literary men, are readily recalled Richard Frothingham, Jr., Edwin P. Whipple, James T. Fields, T. W. Higginson, and the brothers Durivage. Also come to mind, with these, a host of bankers, merchants, lawyers, school-teachers, inventors, and others of every occupation from many of the principal cities and villages in the nation: from Boston and vicinity, Salem, Lowell, Worcester, Springfield, Cincinnati, Dayton, Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Alton, New Orleans, Augusta, Ga., Castleton, St. Albans, Troy, Nashua, Manchester, Portland, Hallowell, and Calais.

THE NEW PIGEON COVE HOUSE.

In 1866 Mrs. Norwood retired from the Pigeon Cove House. Mrs. E. S. Robinson took her place

as owner and hostess. In the spring of '71 Mrs. Robinson moved from its site the many-gabled edifice, and built on the same spot a larger and more attractive house. This new house was finished and opened for visitors the next July. It is a spacious and convenient building, and handsome withal, wearing proudly the old, familiar name, — Pigeon Cove House.

THE OCEAN VIEW HOUSE.

In the same spring, too, the Ocean View House was erected, and immediately opened for visitors. It is but three hundred yards from the Pigeon Cove House; a comely building, commanding a broad view of the ocean. Its proprietors are Frank B. Babson and Co.

Including with these hotels Mr. Swett's cosey and comfortable home, with accommodation for twenty-five or thirty persons, and several other dwellings, with room for four, or six, or ten, or twelve, and keeping in mind the fact that all these homes, large and small, are filled in midsummer with sojourners, and the reader will judge that the little parties of thirty years ago have grown to be a great and goodly company.

THE WAY TO PIGEON COVE: RAILROAD.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH AND JAMES EDMUNDS'S HOUSE.

Being in Boston, the tourist takes the Gloucester and Rockport train at the station of the Eastern Railway. In the brief time of an hour and thirty minutes, he is drawn by the locomotive away from the heat, dust, and noisomeness of the city, to the pure, cool air of the ocean; to the breezy points jutting into the sea from the end of Cape Ann; to the grateful repose and uncorrupting fascinations of Pigeon Cove. Though the train rolls on the track at a rapid rate, the journey is enjoyable for fine landscapes and bright glimpses of the sea; for interchange of town and field, tilth and orchard, marsh and upland, hill and valley, pasture and forest. Charlestown, Somerville, Everett, Chelsea, Winthrop and Revere, one after another, are recognized by a glance. The hills of Saugus, bordering the marsh which is traversed, and one of the villages of Saugus look-

ing down from its elevated site, on the left; Chelsea Beach flanking the marsh, and like a parapet defending it against the assaults of the sea, on the right; serpentine creeks, bright as silver, dividing the marsh into many sections, and, with the grass and reeds swept and shaken by the wind, presenting pleasing contrasts of light and shade; island-like acres covered with wood, dotting the sea of grass; isolated but memorable Nahant, across the water from Chelsea Beach; Lynn, with outspread wings broad and white, and sparkling as if sprinkled with crystals; Swampscott on the heights toward Massachusetts Bay, and, nearer, presenting Mr. Stetson's place with its beautiful elm; the rugged pastures, wearing, with the common robe of grass and clover, shreds of heather, and plumed with slender, dark-green savins, and holding stubbornly against innovation the space between their southern bounds at Lynn and Swampscott, and their northern at Peabody and Salem; and the ancient towns of Salem and Beverly, connected by bridges across the mouth of a river, — all, as the cars rush along on the iron way, come to the vision with the silence and rapidity of thought, but with distinct outlines, and unconfused objects within the outlines, touched by gleam and shadow under the sky of sun and cloud.

At Beverly the train is switched off from the Eastern Road upon the Gloucester and Rockport

Branch. From this point to the terminus of the Branch, the diversity of point, crag, beach, bay, and islands, offset by hill, valley, rock, and forest, is sufficiently interesting to please the most discerning observer. Nowhere is there a ride of sixteen miles by rail more picturesque than this from Beverly to Rockport and Pigeon Cove.

THE OLD STAGE AND CARRIAGE ROAD.

VIEW FROM OVERLOOK.

The railway ride is only excelled by that of the old-fashioned stage, or of the private vehicle, on the old common road stretching along the same scalloped shore. Unlike the railway, this road conforms to the indentations of the shore, and winds over little elevations and through the valleys separating them. For room, comfort, and expedition, whatever the weather, the cars are

preferred; but some fine and delightful things have been given up. On fair days in June, July, or August, or in September or October, the memory goes back to the stage-times of Addison Center, Jacob B. Winchester and Edward H. Shaw. They had strong, well upholstered stages, and good horses; and they were careful, skilful drivers. Mr. Center and Mr. Winchester drove between Salem and Gloucester; Mr. Shaw, between Gloucester and the end of the Cape. It was a favor to have a seat on the box with either of these gentlemen of the whip. Going to Gloucester from Salem, the stage started from the Essex Coffee House. Leaving the staid and quiet city by the way of Washington Square and Beverly Bridge, such names came to mind as Derby, Higginson, Saltonstall, Bowditch, Peabody, and Hawthorne. Derby Wharf, ships from Sumatra and Canton, the East India Marine Hall, the Custom House, the "Scarlet Letter," followed, in recollection, a reverie of the olden times, of the witches and Gallows Hill. Passing through the sombre, quiet old street of Beverly, a thought was given to Dane, and another to the younger Rantoul. Onward through Beverly Farms and Manchester, the eye wandered in every direction, while Jacob B. Winchester related quaint stories in a quaint way. Islands and lighthouses; some of the steeples and roofs of Marblehead; new summer residences here and there, peeping through the loop-holes of woody hill-tops, or the

avenues of trees connecting them with the highway; brooks and little inlets spanned by stone bridges; small, half-moon beaches; coves, bordered with rocks and kelp; a pond within a few rods of the salt waves, its whole surface starred with water-lilies; grove after grove of oaks and pines, barberry and bayberry bushes, on the roadsides and in the pastures, — these were some of the objects of the route which made it pleasant and even enchanting. Proceeding from Manchester with a steady trot, the enchantment became almost bewildering, because of the wildness and variety at every turn. Besides, in the very heart of the most picturesque section of the route, where sea and shore vie with each other to produce marvellous and charming effects, it was known that through the tangle of woodbine and wild roses on the roadside, and then over the thickly wooded ridge, hidden in the swamps among the hills on hills toward the north, the magnolias were wasting their "sweetness on the desert air." Approaching Gloucester by Fresh Water Cove, and over the great elevation at Steep Bank, at once came to view Stage Rocks, Squam River, the town, the harbor, and Beacon Pole or Governor's Hill, behind the west end of the town; and then Eastern Point, across the harbor, stretching southward into Massachusetts Bay. If the Cut was crossed at sunset, some of the gleams which Epes Sargent's vision caught in the gloaming at the close of a summer's

day came to the traveller's eye. Thus this son of Cape Ann sings: —

> "Look! All the lighthouses
> Flash greeting to the night. There, Eastern Point
> Flames out! Lo, little Ten Pound Island follows!
> See Baker's Island kindling! Marblehead
> Ablaze! Egg Rock, too, off Nahant, on fire!
> And Boston Light winking at Minot's Ledge!
> Like the wise virgins, all, with ready lamps!"

THE OLD PIGEON COVE HOUSE.

From Gloucester to Rockport and Pigeon Cove in the twilight or early evening, fanned by the sea-breeze, and smiled on by the stars, was a natural and agreeable ending of the journey. The waves advancing and retreating on Little Good Harbor Beach broke the stillness with laughter. The great rocks, looming in the darkness, grew to awful proportions; the hollow of Beaver Dam rang with peepings of countless frogs. On the summit of Great Hill the lights of Straitsmouth Island and Thatcher's Island welled out their liquid rays upon the sea. At the base of the hill the village lights were a sign of welcome; lanterns, swung in the rigging of vessels on the ocean,

rose and sank with the rising and sinking billows. Around the base of Pigeon Hill, the straggling houses were torch-bearers showing the way; and the restless waves, at hand, whispered now softly and now harshly, and anon lifted their voices angrily, as if in dispute with the crags and the pebbles confronting them along the shore. Pigeon Cove Harbor was smooth and silent, reflecting the stars and holding a fleet of vessels and dories within its thick and lofty wall. The stage ascended the hill, passing the few dwellings with lighted halls and parlors, and stopped at the gate of the Pigeon Cove House. From the door of the inn came forth the earlier comers to welcome the later. From the inside and from the outside of the stage, these latter alighted and exchanged greetings with the former. So ended fittingly the rare ride of a late afternoon and an early evening in the stages, on the old stage road from Salem to Pigeon Cove.

WALKS AND RAMBLES.

THE KNUTSFORDS.

The walks and rambles near Pigeon Cove are as charming for variety and for answering the ends of out-door exercise as the clearest seeing and most wisely discriminating pedestrian would desire. Naturally the nearest are the first to try. These are made easy to those who are not accustomed to the rough paths of pasture and wood. Since the purchase of Andrews' Pasture and the extensive adjacent grounds, by Eben B. Phillips and George Babson, these proprietors have improved their tract by laying it out with broad avenues and winding walks. These avenues and walks are nicely graded and gravelled. From the hotels into the principal avenue, — that is, Phillips Avenue, — it is but a step. The mile's walk of this wide and smooth road is circuitous, partly through groves of oaks and pines, and partly over open

grounds, fragrant with sweet ferns, bayberry shrubs, and wild roses, and affording fine views of the sea from Thatcher's Island to Agamenticus, and a view

PHILLIPS AVENUE.

of the long coast to this mountain in Maine, from Ipswich Beach and Plum Island.

It is an easy and pleasant walk to the Breakwater. On this outer wall of Pigeon Cove Harbor, the near scene of fishermen at the wharves, and of stone-sloops loading with granite to take to Boston and other cities, is entertaining to those who have not often looked upon it, and even to those to whom it has been a long time familiar. Turning about and looking in the opposite direction, the never uninteresting ocean, the always-the-same and yet the ever-changing expanse of waves, glorious in the sun and gay with sailing craft of every description, is surveyed admiringly. From the Breakwater the marginal path is followed along the shore to Singers' Bluff, which overlooks the sea but a few hundred yards from the hotels.

Thence the walk is continued by the Bath, where the bathers in picturesque costumes are cheerfully plunging into the sea or dancing in the surf; by the Blue Streaks, veins of trap, some a few inches, others several feet through, which cross the granite Cape from north to south; by Chapin's Rock and

CHAPIN'S GULLY.

Gully, the former at low tide half in the water, the latter a great notch cut into the shore of solid granite where it is highest and boldest; by Ocean Bluff, the outermost footing of Andrews' Point, the farthest Cape Ann projection toward England; thence around Hoop Pole Cove to the Old Cedar; and so by Cedar Avenue, Phillips Avenue, and Ocean Avenue — where the Salvages are seen as a brooch on the bosom of the sea — back to the place of setting out.

At the going down of the sun many walk the

little distance on the old road of the village to Sunset Rock in the Babson pasture. Here the spectacle of the setting sun, and of the colors that slowly fade while the evening's shades are falling, is the more than reward for strolling a few rods. Returning, Strawberry Hill is climbed. Here Straitsmouth and Thatcher's lights on the right, and Ipswich and Newburyport lights on the left, are almost equally distinctly seen; and far over the waves the eye catches the gleam, appearing regularly every few minutes, of the Isles of Shoals revolving light. Those who are vigorous enough for the ramble go to Halibut Point, following the shore from Andrews' Point around Hoop Pole Cove, or by the way of the village road and Captain Gott's Lane; or go to Folly Cove, and Folly Point, and the Willows, and thence return by Jumper's Lane, and by a footpath through the woods to Edmunds and Lane's quarry, and then by a quarry-road leading to the village in the rear of Overlook, the Old House, and Edmunds's Hall; or go to the top of Pigeon Hill by the lane ascending from Mr. Eames's house, or through the woods in a footpath on the northern side of this elevation; or go to the wood-sheltered home of the Knutsfords by the carriage way of the Old House, and by grass-covered cart-paths and footpaths the rest of the distance; or go to the quarries on the west and on the south side of Pigeon Hill, by quarry-roads, in the shade of a young and thrifty forest

all the way: or go to the Moving Rock in the rear of Lanesville, half way to Annisquam, through the woods. This curiosity is a boulder of perhaps eighty tons, — so poised on a ledge just appearing above the sward that when pushed against by the shoulders of a man, or pressed by a man's weight upon it, first on one side and then on the other, as one would rock a boat, it will perceptibly vibrate. Under extraordinary pressure its oscillations are seen many yards off. Leaving the Moving Rock, the ramble is continued to Annisquam, or to the head of Goose Cove, an inlet of Squam River; and thence by an old wood-road to Rockport, and thus again to Pigeon Cove. Sometimes ramblers, who know the highest and purest enjoyment of rambling, spend day after day in the woods, purposely losing themselves in the complexity of intersecting paths to get the surprises here and there of new views of the sea, and of old views too, frequently not recognized as familiar till the maze of the forest is left behind. In a sunny opening they pick berries, while the pigeons prate on the limbs of the nearest pines, and the "chewink" and scratching of the ground-robin come to their ear from the dry leaves beneath the surrounding underbrush. Ascending a knoll where the golden dust of the sun is sifting through the tops of the beeches, they see the ruffed grouse stepping lightly in the path, and hear the sudden whirr of his wings as he flies into the hemlocks

across a swale thick with alders and brambles. Sitting upon a rock in the shade of a group of oaks to rest, they listen to the singing of a score of red-eyed vireos in the clumps of young maples and birches at hand. Climbing a towering ledge and overlooking the tops of the trees around its base, they see the silver of a lakelet walled in by hills; and from a higher point, looking farther, they discern miles on miles of rocky pasture, and sheep and cattle scattered grazing, or in the shade of boulders chewing the cud. Approaching the lowlands, where the blueberries are found, or the rarely explored mysteries of Brier Swamp, they see the forms of children moving in the thickets, and hear voices rising upon the air, indicative of careless mirth and freedom from restraint and fear. At length, unknowingly nearing home, their attention is attracted by the clinking of a thousand drills and the sounding blows of a thousand hammers. Soon they see the derricks above the low trees, the sparkle of the sea through the network of the foliage, the busy workmen themselves in pit and shed, and finally the whole fair prospect of village and ocean and scores of sails.

T. W. Higginson pays a fine compliment to the foot-paths of our Cape in one of his "Atlantic Monthly" papers. "What can Hawthorne mean," he says, "by saying in his English diary that an American would never understand the passage in Bunyan about Christian and Hopeful going astray

along a by-path into the grounds of Giant Despair, from there being no stiles and by-paths in our country? So much of the charm of American pedestrianism lies in the by-paths! For instance, the whole interior of Cape Ann, beyond Gloucester, is a continuous woodland, with granite ledges everywhere cropping out, around which the high-road winds, following the curving and indented line of the sea, and dotted here and there with fishing hamlets. This whole interior is traversed by a network of foot-paths, rarely passable for any wagon, and not always for a horse, but enabling the pedestrian to go from any one of these villages to any other, in a line almost direct, and always under an agreeable shade. By the longest of these hidden ways one may go from Pigeon Cove to Gloucester without seeing a public road. In the little inn of the former village there used to hang an old map of this whole forest region, giving a chart of some of these paths which were said to date back to the first settlement of the country. One of them, for instance, was called 'Old Road from Sandy Bay to Squam Meeting-house through the Woods;' but the road is now scarcely even a bridle-path, and the most faithful worshipper could not seek Squam Meeting-house in the family chaise. Those woods are at last being devastated, but when I first knew that region it was as good as any German forest. Often we stepped almost from the edge of the sea into some gap in

the woods; there seemed hardly more than a rabbit-track, but presently we met some wayfarer who had crossed the Cape by it. A piny dell gave some vista of the broad sea we were leaving, and an opening in the woods displayed another blue sea-line before; the encountering breezes interchanged odors of berry-bushes and scent of brine; penetrating farther among oaks and walnuts, we came upon some little cottage, quaint and sheltered as any Spenser drew; it was built on no high-road, and turned its vine-clad gable away from even the foot-path. Then the ground rose and other breezes came; perhaps we climbed trees to look for landmarks, and saw only, still farther in the woods, some great cliff of granite or the derrick of an unseen quarry. Three miles inland, as I remember, we found the hearth-stones of a vanished settlement; then we passed a swamp with cardinal flowers; then a cathedral of noble pines, topped with crows' nests. If we had not gone astray, by this time we presently emerged on Dogtown Common, an elevated table-land overspread with great boulders as with houses, and encircled with a girdle of green woods and an outer girdle of blue sea. I know of nothing like that gray waste of boulders; it is a natural Salisbury Plain, of which icebergs and ocean currents were the Druidic builders; the multitude of couchant monsters give one a sense of suspended life; you feel that they must speak and answer each other

in the silent nights; but by day only the wandering sea-birds seek them on their way across the Cape, and the sweet-bay and green fern imbed them in a softer and deeper setting as the years go by. This is the "height of ground" of that wild foot-path; but, as you recede farther from the outer ocean and approach Gloucester, you come upon still wilder ledges, unsafe without a guide; and you find in one place a cluster of deserted houses, too difficult of access to remove even their materials, so that they are left to moulder alone. I used to wander in those woods summer after summer, till I had made my own chart of their devious tracks, and now when I close my eyes in this Oldport mid-summer, the soft Italian air takes on something of a Scandinavian vigor; for the incessant roll of carriages, I hear the tinkle of the quarryman's hammer, and the veery's song, and I long for those perfumed and breezy pastures, and for those promontories of granite where the fresh water is nectar and the salt sea has a regal blue."

Before dropping the subject in hand, a few images in the memory should be presented. Reverting to the walks and rambles of the summers long since departed, royal companions reappear to the vision. One of these was Thomas Starr King. Who of the company that used to ramble with him will ever set foot on our shore, or hear the stir of leaves and the twitter of birds in our woods, without a

thought of him? Sometimes the ramblers rested an hour in the shade of the pines where the sleeping sea, whispering as if in dreams, just made itself heard. Then he of youthful but regal presence, and of marvellously musical tongue, read the poetry of Wordsworth or the prose of Ruskin, making more vital and glowing the thoughts of either. Once, after a stroll, and a refreshing bath, the same audience gave ear to the same orator and interpreter, in the amphitheatre-like pit of Chapin's Gully. None of the company so favored then will ever forget the spell of the moments while he recited the stirring, musical lines, then new to all, of Tennyson's "Bugle Song." These woods, rocks and waves, these men with swelling hearts and tearful eyes, will never again see the like of him who is now among the translated.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Magician of the sea as well as of the mountains, Starr King found means for enchantment in cliff and wave, in storm and calm. No change of motion or color on the ocean's face escaped his sight. He observed every shape and hue of mist on the headlands, or of cloud in the sky. He marked, too, the characteristics of seafaring men and of old dwellers on the storm-beaten shore. The old English words, not obsolete here, and the unconventional frankness of these children of the Cape, afforded him material for both grave reflection and keen amusement. "When did you come into the cove with these hake?" inquired he of one standing knee-deep in the water, taking these fish from his dory, as the result of his industry through the night. "About dawning," was the ready reply; and a pleasing one to the questioner, though given in the style of pronunciation not authorized by Worcester or Webster. His humor, always sunny, never sombre, always kindly, never unfriendly, quickly caught and had its fun with quaintness. He named one, whom he often met, the "Poet of the Cove;" another, the "Socrates of Cape Ann." The Poet's "Lines to a Blue Jay in the Winter" brought out the inimitable smile of his face and

eye, and the merry tones of his laughter. These were the first four: —

> "The jay, he came with his blue back,
> And his long forkèd bill,
> And to a granary he hied,
> All for to get his fill."

The blunt observations of the Philosopher often won his applause. Sometimes this man of Socratic plainness made a single verb solve a matter not yet explained. For example, when asked to account for the fact that the days of summer are longer than the days of winter, in agreement with the theory that the earth revolves around the sun, he promptly answered, "Fool, don't you know that the earth wabbles?" At another time, describing the eloquence of Rufus Choate, and with what ease for effect this pleader could use the muscles of his face, he said, "The cant of his countenance drew tears from everybody's eyes." Encounters with this sage, who was in nó degree bound by the conventionalities of polite society, but who withal had a kind heart, and was often benevolent in deed, frequently to the witty and brilliant young clergyman was something more and better than a pleasant pastime. The latter engaged in talk with the self-taught Philosopher with unusual zest, liking him because he was kin to Bryant's "genial optimist," — the "white-haired ancient," who was not only "pithy of speech," but "merry when he would."

Another image, — the venerable Dr. Gannett, strong, positive, earnest, often vehement, but in the drift of his life sweet and winning. However severe he may have seemed to some when he was called to do the grave and honest work of preaching God's uncompromising word, he was one of the wisest, gentlest, and kindest of the many who came summer after summer to sojourn here, — the presiding joy-evoking, mirth-inspiring genius of social gatherings and simple pastimes.

Others, still of the living on the earth, are not forgotten; nor are the occasions on which they were prominent actors. Rev. J. F. Clarke, on a fine Sunday morning, beneath the broad canopy of an ancient oak, preaching, in the most eloquent because in the most simple and natural manner, to a circle of attentive and deeply moved men and women seated around him on the sward; and Dr. E. H. Chapin and Rev. J. G. Adams, one after the other, addressing a gathering of hundreds at even-tide on the rocks bordering the sea. These living shapes stay near our woods and on our shores. Their voices for ever blend with the breathings of the forest and with the utterances of the sea.

The following lines, entitled "Sabbath Evening by the Sea," were written at the closing hour of the "day of days," on one of the great rocks of our shore, in July, 1851, by Rev. J. G. Adams.

"Alone, my God, alone with thee,
At this bright Sabbath evening hour,
Where the strong voices of the sea
Declare thy greatness and thy power!
I have been in thy courts to-day,
Where mortals meet, thy name to bless,
And where with one accord they pay
Their homage to thy holiness.
Now to these outer courts I come,
Alone at this rock-altar, Lord,
Beneath this ample evening dome,
To hear thee speak thy wondrous word.
That word the waves are uttering clear,
In their full accents at my feet,
While notes of woodland warblers near
Are with thy glorious name replete.
On sunlit spire, and roof, and shore,
And sail that stains the dark, blue sea,
And red horizon spread out o'er
That emblem of eternity, —
I read thy brightness, God of love,
And in this matchless temple raise
Anew my feeble thought above,
In silent evening prayer and praise:

Thy mercies to my soul extend,
Whose strength is nought without thy power;
Loved ones and dear from ill defend,
And draw to thee, at this blest hour.
To friend and foe thy peace be given;
The weak make strong, the simple wise,
Be to the poorest wealth of heaven,
To lameness strength, to blindness eyes.
As sheds the sun its rays divine
O'er hill and shore and widening sea,
So may thy truth in mercy shine,
Wherever man on earth may be.
As flow these everlasting waves,
Bearers of life from shore to shore,

So may that grace which seeks and saves
Flow full and free the wide world o'er;
Till in this temple, all thine own,
No soul shall false or faithless be;
But man's heart-worship at thy throne
Complete the world's great harmony!"

CARRIAGE RIDES, LEGENDS AND BALLADS.

THE "FARM" HOUSE.

The large division of our Cape east of Squam River being an island, "the ride round the Cape," as the fifteen mile circuit of the high-road here is called, whether by the way of Folly Cove, Lanesville, Bay View, and Annisquam, or, in the opposite direction, by the way of Rockport, Great Hill, and Beaver Dam, commands water-views almost the whole distance. If the choice be to ride in the latter direction, the water-views are on the left hand, and, till the top of Great Hill is reached are

mainly those which are within sight of every home at Pigeon Cove. From the top of Great Hill the blue line of Massachusetts Bay is seen stretching southward beyond where the forest-covered ridges, toward Little Good Harbor Beach, seem to meet the horizon. On the right of this hill-top point of observation are the steeps and hollows near, and the valley and elevations beyond, thickly strewn with the boulders which occasioned the conversation many years ago between the astonished visitor from the country, and the stage-driver then on the road. "Where did they get the stones of which these walls were built?" asked the stranger. "Why, don't you see stones enough everywhere about here?" responded the awakened native. "Yes," rejoined the stranger, "but who has ever missed any?" Descending the steep southern slope of the hill, and passing the farm buildings and the fields of Beaver Dam, encircled by stony and woody ridges, and the old road to Dogtown on the southern border of the cultivated acres, the meadow where the beavers in the olden time built their dam, and lived unmolested in their curious habitations, is seen as the site of new industrial works erected by the hands of man. Continuing southward in the shade of trees over the line between Rockport and Gloucester, and then over a little ascent, farm-houses toward the coast appear; and down a narrow carriage-way, leading from the main road and these scattered dwellings to

the sea-side, Little Good Harbor Beach, Salt Island, and Bass Rocks are disclosed. Ascending another elevation, the roof of John J. Babson's pleasant home, on the slope descending to the beach, shows itself above the fruit-trees of cultivated, and the dense growth of trees and shrubs of uncultivated grounds. On the summit of this ascent a huge, dark rock rises from a broad base in the earth to a great height, making a grand object on Mr. Babson's background, or for the study or the wonder of the traveller on the road winding round it. Moving onward, the habitations scattered along denote the nearness of Gloucester Harbor. Toward the great Bay, near Bass Rocks, there is a cluster of new abodes. From the elevated point of this pretty neighborhood, a rocky ridge extends to Eastern Point light. On the right of the road, higher and more rugged than this ridge of Eastern Point, rises the ridge of which Lookout Hill is a noticeable feature. Entering the village, the head of the harbor is almost touched by the carriage wheels. Then it is a long, winding way through the unique village of buildings above buildings, overtopped by school-houses and churches, on one side; and dwellings, stores, store-houses, wharves, and fishing-vessels, on the other; and across the harbor, on Eastern Point, the growing counterpart of fishing-vessels, wharves, store-houses, stores, and houses above houses on the ridge.

Whether the ride continue from the Custom

House and Post-office building through Front Street, the principal street of business, or Middle Street, the fine street of churches, and off from which but a few yards the Town House stands, the inference of the observer, from objects attracting his attention on either hand, will be that the old town has kept pace with the other towns on the Massachusetts coast in maritime enterprise, and in intellectual and religious progress. Though, like Salem, Gloucester has lost her old importance in commerce, she also, like Salem, has made amends for her loss in new ways of effort on sea and on land. And as to her advancement and leadership in the march of spiritual freedom, her distinction is honorable and universally acknowledged. It is not surprising that, in the past days of superstition and fear, she was affected, as were other places not far distant, by dark beliefs and bewildering or harrowing fancies. She was not alone in her dread of supernatural foes, as none of the places of the earth to-day are alone in error and wandering.

In his History of the Cape, Mr. Babson refers to the period of "the Salem tragedy." He says that although then "our people were drawn into no very intimate connection" with it, yet "they were not saved from great excitement and alarm." "About midsummer, 1692," he adds, "Ebenezer Babson and others of his family, almost every night, heard a noise as if persons were going and

running about his house. One night, on his return home at a late hour, he saw two men come out of the house and go into the corn. He also heard them say, 'The man of the house is come now, else we might have taken the house.' The whole family went immediately to the garrison, which was near, whither the two men followed. They were heard and seen about the garrison several nights. One day Babson saw two men who looked like Frenchmen; and at another time six men were near the garrison, whereupon several went in pursuit. Babson overtook two, and tried to shoot at them; but his gun missed fire. Soon after, he saw three men together, one of whom had on a white waistcoat. He fired, and they all fell; but, as soon as he came close to them, they all rose up and ran away, one of them discharging a gun as he went. One of these strange beings was at last surrounded by his pursuers, and all means of escape were cut off. He approached Babson, who shot at him as he was getting over the fence, and saw him fall from it to the ground; but, when Babson came to the spot where he fell, the man could not be found. Afterwards several were seen lurking about the garrison, and great discoursing in an unknown tongue was heard in a swamp near. After this, men were seen, who were supposed to be French and Indians. Babson was fired upon on his way to the harbor to carry news; and finally, after enduring these disturbers

of the peace of the town for a fortnight, the people sent abroad for help. July 18, sixty men arrived from Ipswich to assist in the protection of the town, and the deliverance of it from these mysterious invaders; but it does not appear that any of the latter were taken, which can scarcely be a matter of surprise considering that they were too ethereal to leave a footprint upon the soft and miry places over which they were pursued."

"All these occurrences," says Mr. Babson, "and many others, were reported by the minister of the town to Rev. Cotton Mather, and were published in his 'Magnalia.'" The poet Whittier, having also read the strange story in the "Magnalia," sings it in the following ballad: —

"From the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea, I blend
A wild and wondrous story by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er the rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north, —
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the Tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
As they spoke of present tokens of the powers of evil near;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came, —
Thrice around the block-house marching, met unharmed its volleyed flame.
Then with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass, that soon
Grew to warriors plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
'Ghosts of witches,' said the captain, 'thus I foil the Evil One!'
And he rammed a silver button from his doublet down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;
Once again without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

'God preserve us!' said the captain, 'never mortal foes were there;
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the air!
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess naught avail;
They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat-of-mail!'

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall:
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: 'Let us cease from man, and pray!'

To the men who went before us all the unseen powers seemed
near,
And their steadfast strength and courage struck its roots in holy
fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones as the captain led in
prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the
wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of
all, —
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of
Cape Ann."

Another Gloucester story of marvel, which from a later date (1745, the year of the expedition against Louisburg) has been repeated to the present time, is thus related by Mr. Babson: —

"No account of the part borne by Gloucester in the expedition to Louisburg would be complete without the story of Peg Wesson. The popular belief in witchcraft had not then ceased, and Peg was reputed a witch. She lived in or near an old building on Back Street, called the Garrison; and there, just before the departure of the Gloucester soldiers for Cape Breton, she was visited by some of them, who, by their conduct towards her, aroused her indignation to such a pitch, that, on their departure, she threatened them with vengeance at Louisburg. While in camp there, these men had their attention arrested by the singular

movements of a crow that kept hovering near them. After many attempts had been made in the usual way to kill the bird, it occurred to one of them that it must be Peg Wesson; and, if so, that no baser metal than silver would bring her to the ground. He accordingly took his silver sleeve-buttons from his wrist and discharged them at the bird, which fell wounded in the leg and was soon killed. Upon their return to Gloucester, they learned that, at the exact moment when the crow was killed, Peg Wesson fell down near the Garrison House with a broken leg; and that, when the fractured limb was examined, the identical sleeve-buttons fired at the crow under the walls of Louisburg were found, and extracted from the wound! Such is the story of Peg Wesson. And, incredible as it may seem that it ever was received as truth, some now living can testify to the apparent belief in it with which it was related by many persons not more than fifty years ago."

Leaving the fine old town, and winding or zig-zagging homeward on the Squam River side of the circuit, the river soon shows its mirror-like surface or its innumerable sparkling waves. Near the Green where once the Meeting-house of the old Town Parish stood is the ancient house, with rear roof descending lower than the front, which was built and occupied by the minister of the parish, Rev. John White, soon after his settlement, in 1702. The road leads through Riverdale, near-

ing the brook from Cape Pond which flows through a lovely meadow into Tide-Mill Pond, and thence into Mill River, an inlet from Squam River. Farm-houses and green fields please the eye. Conspicuous among the farms is the Pearce Farm, lying between the road and the brook and mill-pond. The frame of the smaller of the two barns near the house is that of the church which was erected for Rev. John Murray by the people to whom he ministered. The frame was taken from the old site at the harbor, corner of Spring and Water Streets, in 1805. Pole's Hill — a steep hill of stone, overlooking road, farm-houses, fields, meadow, and brook at its base, and a wide area of land, river, and sea around — is a sufficiently novel form among the thousands of ledges and cliffs on our granite promontory to tarry by and examine awhile. Proceeding from Pole's Hill across Tide-Mill Bridge, and then up from the valley through the village, passing a church, to an altitude at which most of the smaller branches as well as the main tides of Squam River are comprehended by the eye, one of the most charming prospects of the Cape is surveyed. The white caps of Ipswich Bay are nodding like the plumes of a mighty host in the northern distance. The hoar sand of Coffin's Beach, and the blue, green, and amber of Squam River, near its mouth, shimmer in the sun's burning rays. The village of Annisquam nestles on its narrow strip of earth

between Lobster Cove in front and the high steep ridge behind, screening it from the storms of the Bay. Approaching this cosey and quiet village, the eye turns southward, attracted by the splendor of the river, with its many coves and creeks; the glowing red of the crags, jutting from island and point; and the chocolate and emerald of reedy shore and grass-covered marsh. "All these coves and inlets," as one not long since remarked, in a metropolitan sheet, "make the scenery bewildering in beauty; and the six-mile drive over the neck of the Cape, from Gloucester to General Butler's house, which stands on a lofty bluff where its every window commands a perfect sea-picture, is across a rocky road which lies so high, and with such a wilderness of meadows in every shade of vivid greens and rusty reds, interspersed with glittering arms of the sea, and still, silver lagoons of salt water, reflecting and repeating the sky, that one almost feels in a land of sorcery, travelling a road that hangs midway between earth and heaven." A little onward, and a tide-mill and the bridge crossing Goose Cove are passed. Still further, and the choice is presented to drive over the bridge spanning Lobster Cove to the village of Annisquam, or more directly toward home, on the pine-bordered way, on the east side of this long, river-like inlet, to the church at its head. Near the church, the view down the Cove and across the river to the marsh, and then to the gray hills, and

to the dark woods beyond, in the West Parish, is worthy of many minutes' delay. There should be no haste on a tour of pleasure. Moving again, the next point of interest is Bay View, and is presently gained. On the bluff off the road, just as it descends into the hollow of Hogkins's Cove, are the handsome residences of General Butler and Colonel French. In the hollow of the Cove are the buildings, wharves and vessels of the Cape Ann Granite Company. From this point to Plum Cove (so named for the beach plums once in abundance growing near it, but now seldom found), the distance is but over one broad-backed ridge. Here is a pretty beach, and a stretch for the vision across Ipswich Bay to the main-land coast. Another elevation ascended, and the dwellings of Lanesville, which are strung along on the winding way nearly a mile, are passed. Here there is an artificial harbor for small vessels, and extensive granite quarries. Moreover, from half the length of the village, the grounds, chiefly cultivated, gradually descend to the shore of the bay; and so for this distance the view of the water is unbroken. Some of the quarries are at the roadside. Back of the quarries are dark woods. From Lanesville to Folly Cove the road shears the edge of a little meadow, cuts a belt of woods, which from the forest of the Cape's interior extends to the ocean's strand, and at the same point passes through a long and beautiful arch of willows. This arch is

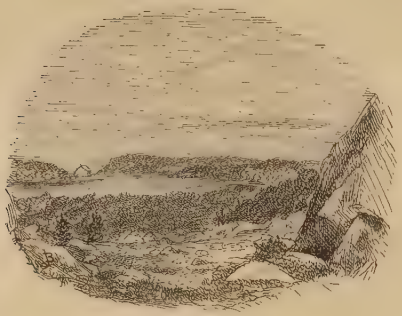
the admiration and joy of the hundreds who every midsummer pass through it and enjoy its shade. From the Willows into the sheltered and shady dale of Folly Cove, it is but a few rods by a group of houses veiled in part by fruit-trees, ancient willows, and shrubbery. This dale, which is the centre-ground of the little village, since dwellings straggle over the ascents hemming it in, is the loveliest sequestered nest of the whole route. A fine grove on its background fills the space from ridge to ridge. A brooklet flows through the mowing between the grove and the road, and under the road, and then through another field of grass and clover into the Cove. The tidy and comfortable houses stand embowered with apple-trees and lilacs. The vista to the sea is first narrow, and then wider between rocky headlands. Through it the villagers see the play and the terror of the waves, the awful force of the storm, and the peace and beauty of the calm. Ascending from this spot of quiet and repose, where tree and ocean, and waves and roses, all but touch each other, the eye sees before it another and higher elevation. The road with many curves leads over it, separating Halibut Point from inland meadow, pasture, and wood. Climbing the road, the "Old Oaks" of the pasture, the "Meadow" below them, and "Sunset Rock" above them, give their silent but eloquent salutations as the kindliest of friends. The farm-house and barns on the opposite side of

the way, with their surroundings of field, garden, and orchard, and their adornings of elms and of flowering vines, are a grouping of things in accord with each other, within a rare region of land and

THE TWINS.

ocean, which no artist would wish to change. Finally, from the "Farm" to Pigeon Cove is the last and pleasantest stage of "the ride round the Cape." Sometimes it is on the old road, to the grand sea views and to the merry welcome of home. Sometimes a detour, near Strawberry Hill, determines the last step homeward shall be over Phillips Avenue, with the unequalled ocean view on one side, and the varied beauty of oaks and pines, climbing brambles, pasture-lilies, and wild roses on the other. Either way is a fine and cheerful ending of a circuit which; for various and unique scenery, and the blending of rural and marine characteristics, cannot be paralleled.

RIDE TO LITTLE GOOD HARBOR BEACH AND EASTERN POINT.



CAPE POND.

Not unfrequently the ride of the circle is branched by digressions. One of these is to Little Good Harbor Beach; and thence, if the tide be low, over the Eastern Point road to Eastern Point lighthouse. Epes Sargent says the name of the beach was given by an Indian, whose collection of English words was small. By "little good" he meant *bad*. But the beach is wide and clean, being exposed to the long lines of charging waves: is good from the same causes that made the anchorage, in periods of rough weather, bad. The Eastern Point road being on high ground, it commands at the same time a fine view of Gloucester and its excellent harbor, and a

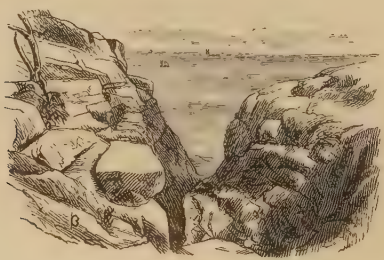
splendid prospect of Massachusetts Bay, its vessels, rocks, islands, and portions of its distant South Shore. At the lighthouse the vision adds other views to its new list, taking in Norman's Woe, Baker's Island, Lowell Island, the promontory of Marblehead, and far up the bay, between the north shore of this headland and the south shore of Cape Ann, the city of Salem.

RIDE TO RAFE'S CHASM AND NORMAN'S WOE.

NORMAN'S WOE.

Another digression from the ride round the Cape is from Gloucester by the way of the Cut, Stage Rocks, and Steep Bank, to Rafe's Chasm and Norman's Woe. From the Cut is followed a little way the old road to Salem. A long hill is climbed. Near the top dense woods allow but glimpses of cottages and mansions wrapped in shade. Descending the western side of the hill,

and at its base curving to easily pass a spur of the wood-clad ridge on the right, the road traverses the romantic region of Fresh Water Cove and Magnolia. Here an old path, running from the main road diagonally, leads to a high shore of pitch-pine shrubs. At this point are seen the wondrous Chasm, the bold, craggy shore of Norman's Woe, and a little off from shore the rock island of Norman's Woe.



RAFE'S CHASM.

Rafe's Chasm extends into the ledge from the bay more than two hundred feet. Near the bay it is ten feet wide. Toward its termination it is irregular in width. From the highest part of its walls to the lowest spot left bare when the tide is out, its depth is about sixty feet. On a calm day this fissure in the jagged ledge gives an impression of irresistible force, — of the Power that rules the ocean, and that makes the earth to be at peace or to toss and shake with mighty throes. On the day of tempest, rushing into it violently, spouting spray

many feet into the air, like hugest monsters of the deep, and making a noise like the thunder of the clouds, the waves reveal somewhat of the might and terror which are hidden in the earth, the air, and the sea, and incite the beholder and listener to say: —

> O Father! — "who forgets not, at the sight
> Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
> His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
> Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
> Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
> Of the mad unchained elements to teach
> Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
> In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
> And to the beautiful order of thy works
> Learn to conform the order of our lives."

Alluding to Norman's Woe, Mr. Babson says: "It is a large rock lying a few rods from the shore, and connected with it by a reef of rocks which the sea leaves bare at low water. The tradition, that a man named Norman was shipwrecked and lost there, has no other confirmation than that derived from the name itself. A William Norman was an early settler of Manchester; and a Richard Norman is shown by the probate records of Essex County to have sailed on a voyage from which he never returned home, some time before 1682. The doleful name applied to this spot may commemorate a misfortune to one of these individuals." With less hesitancy as to the credence to be given to the tradition about this rock, Mr. Sargent says: —

"From the main shore cut off, and isolated
By the invading, the circumfluent waves,
A rock which time had made an island, spread
With a small patch of brine-defying herbage,
Is known as Norman's Woe; for, on this rock,
Two hundred years ago, was Captain Norman,
In his good ship from England, driven and wrecked
In a wild storm, and every life was lost."

Having first the tradition, and next, connected with the rock, the name, and finally the probate record, there is something to apprehend. That the probate record tells its story without detail may not be regretted, since now there is scope for inference and conjecture; or for the genius of the poet to put in song all the particulars of an event not alone in kind, in reasonable and pleasing order. The carefulness of the historian is praiseworthy; but the vision of the poet often finds the essential which is hidden in mystery. This the poet sings in an ode or in a ballad; and thus he makes a long-ago and almost mythical event a grand or touching lesson for his own generation, and the generations to follow it. So Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" may here have space, as a fitting sequel of what others have said and sung of the Rock of Norman's Woe: —

"It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spoke an old sailòr
Had sailed the Spanish main,
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!'
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

'Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father! I hear the church-bells ring:
Oh, say, what may it be?'
''Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!'—
And he steered for the open sea.

'O father! I hear the sound of guns:
Oh, say, what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

'O father! I see a gleaming light:
Oh, say, what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed,
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank: —
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!"

RIDE TO ANNISQUAM.

THE WILLOWS.

The ride to Annisquam, five miles of the already described tour round the Cape, reversed, on any fair day, is delightful. Beside the pleasure on the road from Pigeon Cove to the resting-place for the horses at Squam Point, there may be the additional pleasure of crossing Squam River in a dory, and then of a stroll on Coffin's Beach and among the clumps of barberry bushes and savins on the ascending adjoining grounds. On the beach, the roving may extend more than a mile to Two Penny Loaf, a white hillock of rock and sand near the mouth of Chebacco River. Across the Chebacco glisten the sands and shells of Ipswich Beach. In this river, not far from the Loaf, is the island where Rufus Choate was born. At the head of the marsh, through which the river flows with many turns, the village of Essex rises to view, with a front of half-built fishing-schooners on

the stocks, and others launched and afloat, being equipped with masts, spars, rigging, and sails. Off from the beach, the ramble may continue into an old, shady, uneven road, seldom travelled, which follows the northern base of Meeting-house Hill toward a highway leading to Essex. In this out-of-the-way locality, in an ancient farm-house, once lived Master Tappan. In his early manhood he was Daniel Webster's school-master. In the summer of 1841, though advanced in years, his tall form was erect, and his strength equal to walking up the hill to worship on Sunday. On a warm day of that season, he sat in his door facing the road and the hill, enjoying the cool shade of the overhanging trees and the breath of brine wafted from the sea. He responded with dignity and urbanity to the salutation of a rambler passing, and then pressed him to stop for rest and refreshment. His discourse was chiefly of the past; but he was not unmindful of current events, nor was he unaffected by the picturesque surroundings of his secluded abode. An hour with this gentleman of the old school, in retirement deepened and shadowed by hill, cliff, rock, tree, shrub, and vine, and sweetened by the mingling odors of marsh and upland, was a pleasant episode of an afternoon's excursion.

The meeting-house on the hill — now, alas! among the things that were — was a substantial edifice of oaken frame, without steeple or any other ornament outside; with plain galleries,

square, high-partitioned pews, and a high pulpit, fronted by the deacons' seat, and overtopped by a sounding-board within. On the sounding-board

THE OLD CHURCH.

was the date "1713." Formerly the now grass-grown road over the spot where this ancient house of worship stood was much travelled, and the people of the West Parish ascended it from both the east and west sides of the hill. In the past time, which has been recalled, there being no dwelling-house near, the worshippers from the scattered abodes and the little neighborhoods around the hill seemed, to one sitting on the door-step of the church waiting for them, to rise out of the ground, or singly and in groups to come forth, as if rocks, shrubs, and thickets had suddenly turned into human beings in every form and guise, from blooming childhood to hoary age. Literally, the swallow, as a swallow, unchanged, had found a place in God's house where she might rear her young ; for in service-time the twitterings of the swallows, flying through the broken windows to

and from their nests on the lofty plates, mingled with the prayers and hymns of the gathered assembly. Even the shy golden-winged woodpeckers had cut holes from the outside into the gables above the cross-beams; and so was heard through the ceiling, as an accompaniment of the sounds of devotion, the clamor of their young for food.

In 1846 F. A. Durivage thus wrote of this venerable fane: "The old church stands in a clearing on a small plateau of considerable elevation, commanding an extensive prospect in every direction. It was formerly surrounded, we were told, by a clump of beautiful oak-trees; but every vestige of these has disappeared, and it is now guarded only by one tall Lombardy poplar, that stands like a sentinel near a corner of the edifice. The building is almost square, with a single pitch roof, unpainted and somewhat decayed, but built throughout with strong oak timbers. The windows, with one exception, are square, and distributed rather irregularly. The glass is more than half gone, many panes having been dashed in by the pebbles of profane, vagrant boys, who ramble hither on sunshiny afternoons, with small thought of the sanctity which should hedge about the place. There stood, for it was incapable of change, the horse-block, a natural step of granite, whence in olden time many a goodly dame stepped lightly into her seat on the pillion strapped behind the saddle of the sturdy horseman, who escorted her to

meeting. We entered the church through an aperture in the door which had been caused by the demolition of a panel, and found ourselves standing opposite the pulpit, above which hung a sounding-board of considerable pretension, bearing the date of the erection of the building, and among some queer old pews with very high sides, causing them to look like little wells in which the piety of the olden time was sunk, the same little wells being fenced round with pegs screwed into the heavy top-rails that surrounded them. We saw the old chair where the old deacon had sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and whence he rose to 'deacon' out the psalm, reciting two lines at a time, which were then sung, and followed by two more from the deacon until the whole *stent* had been accomplished. . . . We heard a pleasant chirping voice in the middle aisle, and there we beheld one of the humblest of God's creatures, a little squirrel sitting in the centre of the building and looking round him with his bright and fearless eyes. He was not long stationary, but scurried away through the church as if he had a perfect right there, and perhaps a better one than ours. A merry little sexton he is for the old deserted church which he held and holds as his citadel, even though the jays and pigeon-woodpeckers have beleaguered him, and driven their sharp bills quite through the plastering, and though sometimes the north-east blast must roar

outside the building, and whistle through its crevices, and tear the gray, moss-grown shingles from the roof, and shake the old crazy walls in the winter season with a fury that must make his little heart beat dreadfully. But no! such guiltless creatures have no fear of Nature in her darkest moods; and the deadly tube of the roving gunner has more terrors for them than the wildest storm that ever swept the shore and sea. . . . As we leisurely turned our steps homeward through the forest, we thought, as we looked upon the scene around us, of Bryant's beautiful lines: —

> 'Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
> Existence, than the wingèd plunderer
> That sucks its sweets: the mossy rocks themselves,
> And the old ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
> That lead from knoll to knoll, a causeway rude,
> Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots
> With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
> Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
> Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
> Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
> Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
> In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
> Lest from her midway perch thou scar'st the wren
> That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
> That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee
> Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
> Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.'"

Returning from Meeting-house Hill toward Squam River, overlooking Ipswich Bay and the estuary where river and bay unite, the lighthouse

and the cove and beach close by, and the river's channel leading by cove, beach, and point into the sheltered harbor, the whole scene is so fair and peaceful to our company of explorers that it hardly seems to them credible that there were days in the past when the villagers across the tide were thrown into deepest distress and sorrow by tales of the capture or murder of their absent friends on the sea by pirates, and sometimes were uplifted to the highest rejoicing by the arrival of their fathers, brothers, and sons alive and well, who had been supposed among the dead lying upon the bottom of the deep. The story of Captain Andrew Haraden and his crew illustrates both the hardness and the courage of those days.

They sailed from Annisquam, in the sloop "Squirrel," in the spring of 1724. Near the middle of April they were captured by John Phillips, who, as a pirate, had become a terror in our waters. Captain Haraden's vessel being new, Phillips decided to remain on board of her with his prisoners, and ordered his men to remove every thing from his own craft, and leave her to the winds and waves. The sloop not having been wholly finished, and there being carpenters' tools on board, the pirate set Captain Haraden to the task of completing the work left undone. Thus there were instruments in the captives' hands with which to regain possession of the sloop and their own liberty. A plan was devised to accomplish this end, and

immediately executed. One of the pirates was thrown overboard by an athletic sailor as the signal for action. Then Captain Haraden with an adze struck down Phillips, another with a broadaxe killed Phillips's boatswain, and others threw overboard the pirate's gunner. At this point of the struggle, the rest of the pirates gave themselves up as prisoners. Soon after, the "Squirrel" sailed into Squam River, steered by the steady hand of Captain Haraden, having the prisoners and the heads of Phillips and his boatswain on board. Subsequently two of the pirates were hung at Charlestown Ferry. Two others were sentenced to death, but were withheld from the gallows for a time, to be recommended to the king's mercy. The rest were set at liberty as men who had been forced to assist in evil work.

Recrossing the river to take seats again in the waiting carriage, no stain of blood is seen on wave or rock; and among the honest, kind-hearted, cheerful folk of the village, more is heard of the words and acts of the good pastor — who many years, till he died, led his flock by the still waters and in the green pastures of love and peace — than of the sanguinary conflicts which the sturdy forefathers of the long-ago, ruder days could not avoid.

At home again, and the day being nearly done, W. H. Hurlbut shall sing an evening song: —

"On the tall cliffs the dying sunlight glows,
And stains with dolphin hues the waveless bay;
And stars peep forth that lead the night's array,
Where in mid-heaven the deep'ning purple grows.

How cool an eve attends this burning day!
How sweet a peace the troubled wave subdues!
O troubled, burning heart! canst thou refuse
To be as calmly hushed to rest as they?"

RIDE TO PEBBLE STONE BEACH AND LONG BEACH.

LONG BEACH.

The ride to Pebble Stone Beach and Long Beach is also five miles. A great part of the way is overlooked from Pigeon Cove, since it is the road to Rockport around the seaside base of Pigeon Hill, and along the shore; passing, with other dwellings, the old Rowe House, the quarries of the Rockport Granite Company, the high, wood-covered ledges extending from the base of Poole's Hill to the ocean, and the beaches beyond, lying between storm-defying crags; and then onward from Rock-

port over Cove Hill, meandering across the high and, but for the orchards, the bare region of farms, to a flat ledge, overlaid with green turf, close to the sea.

Here the horses remain, while the excursionists ramble over the beaches. Several yards to the left from this spot is Emerson's Point. From this point south-westward to Brier Neck is the good mile length of Pebble Stone Beach and Long Beach. They are separated midway by a brook, and by a jagged pile of granite called Cape Hedge. From the turf-clad ledge, where the horses wait, to Cape Hedge, the beach is a marvel. The pebbles, smooth and oyal, from the size of canister-balls to the size of hundred-pounder shells, above the hard sand exposed at low tide, have been thrown up by the waves into three high and wide terraces, one upon another. At high tide, when the waves driven by the storm roll in upon them, the pebbles are set in motion from end to end of the beach. When the waves charge up the terraces, the pebbles are pushed upward, and some of them are thrown over the crest of the highest terrace. When the waves retreat, the pebbles turn and follow them till again met by another charge, making a noise on the whole line like the rattle of musketry when the firing of an army, after the discharge of the one volley beginning an engagement, is continued briskly but irregularly. While the thumps of the breakers on Cape Hedge strike

the ear like the thunder of a battery, the continuous clatter of the thousands of pebbles all astir complete the imitation of the din of battle.

Between Cape Hedge and Brier Neck, the half mile of Long Beach is of sand, and wide and smooth; but behind the sand, hardened by the tramping waves, are sand-knolls thrown up by the winds. Long Beach is backed by a marsh. On rising ground behind the marsh, and spreading over hundreds of acres receding to Cape Pond and Beaver Dam, is a grand wood but slightly damaged by the ruthless axe.

Cape Hedge and Emerson's Point command a view of Milk Island and Thatcher's Island. Following the shore from Emerson's point northward, the ramblers next gain Loblolly Point and Loblolly Cove. Here Straitsmouth Island and the Salvages strike the vision. The next advance is to Flat Point and Whale Cove. Often excursionists resort to the former for its magnificent prospect. One event connected with the latter took place in March, 1798. A great whale, seventy-six feet long, was driven upon the beach in this cove. While the oil of this monster was being secured, many persons, attracted by the novelty, visited the cove; several from Gloucester, there being snow then, by means of sleighs. Since then the place has been Whale Cove.

Onward again, and Gap Cove and Gap Head are reached. This is the southern extreme point of

the Cape. Across the channel called the Gut is Straitsmouth Island. It is said by elderly persons hereabout that in 1772, in a gully near this point, a pot of gold nuggets was found. As the value of the nuggets was some thousands of dollars, the place where the pot was found may be marked by some writer of imaginary stories as one scene in the history of some bold buccaneer who ended his career on the gallows, or by going to the bottom of the sea with his ship under the broadside of a man-of-war.

From Gap Head is the finest view of Pigeon Hill to be attained anywhere on shore. The hill, rising from the bay, is a beautiful background for the houses on the road curving around its eastern base; and, together with these abodes and their foreground of ledges, crags, and boulder-strewn beaches, and with the village north of it, from the little artificial harbor beginning to overrun the broad area of Andrews' Point, presents a view to the eye across the bay so truly splendid that one might consider himself as not in a frivolous pursuit for seeking with pains the point commanding it.

The way back to Pebble Stone Beach is so long, the ramblers prefer a shorter path to the high-road, where the carriage will meet them, according to an arrangement with the driver.

Homeward returning, they see a steamer from Boston passing the Salvages; and another, off Straitsmouth, following in her wake; also a fleet

of yachts with all sails set, bound for the Isles of Shoals. A dark cloud rises in the west. The ear catches the rumbling of distant thunder. The horses trot more briskly. The yachts this afternoon will make Pigeon Cove, and there lie in safety through the night. The ramblers, enriched and invigorated from what they have seen and done, are presently at home recounting the scenes and adventures of the afternoon's jaunt.

FISHING AND YACHTING.

PIGEON COVE HARBOR.

These diversions are as often enjoyed on our waters as they are wished for. The kinds of fish

near the shore, and off in deep water, are sufficiently numerous to satisfy the amateur in the art of fishing, however fond he may be of variety. One almost anywhere on the shore, with a rod of the usual length, easily draws from the sea such fry as perch or cunners, and not unfrequently the golden rock-cod. At several points, also, tautog are caught in like manner. Near Dick's Dream and Ocean Bluff, even deep-water cod, weighing ten and fifteen pounds, have been taken with a strong line thrown out from the shore. Here the descent from the shore is abrupt and deep, so that this chief of the fish sought for the table approaches much nearer the unsubmerged rocks than it is accustomed to do. Sometimes schools of mackerel come so near to the shore that, by rowing upon them in a dory, the exciting sport of catching a large number of these most beautiful of the finny inhabitants of the sea is enjoyed. Going in a sail-boat or yacht a little way from shore, and dropping anchor where cod and haddock abound, are the simple necessary preliminaries before pulling from the depths of the bay a good fare of these favorite species. Occasionally blue-fish appear in the bay. The yacht makes swift headway before the stiff breeze, and the spoon at the end of a long line follows over the surface of waves, imitating the silver-sided herring darting from wave to wave from its pursuer. The artifice is successful: the voracious fish is hooked, and soon, by hand over

hand, strong, and skilful exertion, is drawn over the rail and secured. Sometimes, in the vicinity of the Salvages, a halibut takes a hook baited for cod, and is caught. Then follow the struggle of this immense flat fish to escape, and the counter-effort of vigorous arms to haul the fish to the sea's surface and the vessel's side. Presently the captive rises to sight and within reach; and, gaff and tackle being promptly used, is soon on deck.

BY YACHT TO ANNISQUAM, GLOUCESTER, GRAPE ISLAND, NEWBURYPORT.

Half-day or all-day voyaging in pleasure-boats and yachts is one of the delightful diversions of the summer sojourn at Pigeon Cove. One enjoyable sail is around Andrews' Point into Ipswich Bay, passing the indented north shore to Annisquam and Gloucester, by the way of Squam River. Beating into the bay, and then into the river, against the wind, and returning with sails filled before the wind, illustrate common alternations in human life. Another sail is across the bay to the mouth of Ipswich River and Grape Island, or into the Merrimack up to the fair city of Newburyport.

THE SAIL TO THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

Another is a sail of twenty-one miles to the Isles of Shoals. This voyage, if accomplished in a single day, affords but a brief time for a survey of the cluster of islands, now greatened and glorified by the pen of one who in childhood became familiar with their bold hard features, and also with their warmth and beauty in hollows and nooks; their delicate though unpretentious tokens of tenderness toward hearts needing the sunshine and blessing of smiles, in fragrant shrubs and bright-hued flowers, in mosses of colors unattained by the painter's art, in violets and pimpernels of blue and scarlet sheen unknown to their genera away from the pure atmosphere of the enfolding sea. How much of wonder and enchantment one intelligent and loving mind discerns, where whole generations have overpassed, seeing only barrenness and desolation! How to the vision unveiled uprise and glisten the dew-besprinkled grass-blades and gold-bedecked mullein-stalks, amid the waste of rough, unshapely rocks and moss-bound mould! And to the same vision how through the darkness and terror of the storm come revealings foretelling the advent of a fair, sweet day, when the whole sky shall be bright; and the earth and the sea, no longer in shadow, shall rejoice for the end of doubt, the

establishment of reverent confidence and faith in the Father! Of course Mrs. Thaxter's "Wreck of the Pocahontas," which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," April, 1868, should follow these reflections: —

"I lit the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower,
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge, — almost
They seemed to answer me!

O warning lights, burn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear, —
Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread!

Flung by the fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain:
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear;
The bare rock shuddered, — an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, and strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung,
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning to the naked rock;
But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed in that confusion vast,
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We, who sat within,
Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear
We looked through helpless tears, as still
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart,
To show us, staggering to her grave,
The fated brig. We had no heart
To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes, swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried, —
'T'was the Pocahontas, — all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tost.'

Then I looked the whole horizon round, —
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
'Father in heaven,' I said,

A child's grief struggling in my breast,
'Do purposeless thy creatures meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?

O wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all?'

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below.
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtle sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake
That wondrous rhythm, and 'Peace, be still!'
It murmured, 'bow thy head, and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

And wait. At last all shall be clear.'
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing, I climbed the lighthouse stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again."

Homeward bound from the group of islands, the talk of the voyagers so runs on matters connected with the history of the group, that for some time the swift progress of the yacht is not noticed. One questions if Captain John Smith, on his way along the coast in 1614, erected the pile of stones on Appledore. Another refers to the day when the population of the islands was much larger than at the present time; and the inhabitants, who were then engaged in the fishing business, were sufficiently enterprising to be connected with ships

from Spain and other foreign countries in commercial relations. Still another tells a tale of the wreck of a Spanish ship on one of the reefs of the Shoals: which is followed by a fellow for his story from a companion at his elbow, — namely, that a ship from Spain, many years ago, was wrecked on Andrews' Point, between Dick's Dream and Chapin's Gully; that before she wholly went to pieces one of her masts fell over her bow upon the shore, so that all her crew were saved from the waves by passing over it to dry and substantial footing; and that, at intervals, since the ship was wrecked, villagers visiting the place of the disaster have there picked up Spanish silver dollars, which were very much worn from long tossing to and fro on the ledge beneath the furious breakers. Then is related by one, who never omits on fit occasions to mix the humorous with the grave, the story of the preacher who, in the olden time, once discoursing to the Isles of Shoals congregation, so aroused one of his hearers through the force of nautical speech, as to get from him such a response as he would have given a skipper on board a fisherman. The preacher was representing the case of the sinners before him as that of sailors on board a vessel in a storm. The picture was drawn with a bold hand. Torrents poured, and whirlwinds churned the sea. There seemed no space between the next ascent upon a billow and destruction upon an unyielding and merciless reef. At this point of

imminent ruin, "What shall we do? what shall we do?" cried the minister. Jack, who had weathered many a storm, and had not so long been an Isles of Shoals man without learning what would be the chance for life in the stress and strait so powerfully brought home to him, promptly answered, "Histe for's'il and jib, and scud for Squam, sir."

The moon rises, and the "multitudinous" waves turn to silver before her luminous disk; and the headland, toward which the yacht advances unerringly, lifts itself more and more above the sea, presenting its line of points and coves to the impartial ray spreading over sea and land from the earth's serene and constant satellite. At midnight, her precious freight being fanned by cool breezes, and cheered by the welcome of waves tapping the wharves and the hulls of sloops and schooners in the harbor, the stanch little craft arrives at her buoy, there to lie through the night in repose. The voyagers, too, thankful for the pleasures of the day without alloy, are soon in their places of rest. "All good is from above."

THE SAIL TO STRAITSMOUTH AND THATCHER'S ISLANDS.

THATCHER ISLAND LIGHTS.

The distance to Straitsmouth Island being but three miles, and, after doubling Straitsmouth, to Thatcher's Island but two miles more, the whole course is under the eye of the village. Gliding out of the harbor, the yacht careens to the wind pressing her sails, and then onward shoots over the waves toward Straitsmouth lighthouse, as an arrow goes to its mark. The swift sailing is exhilarating. A few rods from the landing place in the Gut the sails are lowered and the anchor dropped. Then the shore is reached in a dory; and the lighthouse at the other and outer end of the island, by a third of a mile walk. The view from the lantern, and the ramble from point to point, though mainly not differing from views and rambles on the bare heads and bluffs of the Cape across the narrow channel, are yet curious and strange in a degree, for being connected with an insulated spot. The island is so small that on any part of it, and which ever way the observer turns, the waves of the great sea are

present in awful upheavings and dashings, or in gentle swirls among the rocks covered with kelp and moss, and in the stealthy creeping of the rising, and in the almost silent stealing away, of the falling tide. Here with the cleanness of rock and turf, with the wholesomeness of the air, and with the sense of boundless relationship, and of life without end, the heart sings understandingly "The Spell of the Sea:" —

"With moon and stars, at morn and eve,
In sunny wind or shower,
How often hath it worked in me, —
That mystery of the kingly sea,
With joyous spells of power!

Oh, it is well sick men should go
Unto the royal sea;
For on their souls, as on a glass,
From its bright fields the breath doth pass
Of its infinity.

My mother taught me how to love
The mystery of the sea;
She sported with my childish wonder
At its white waves and gentle thunder
Like a man's deep voice to me.

Then in my soul dim thoughts awoke,
She helped to set them free;
I learned from ocean's murmurings
How infinite eternal things,
Though viewless, yet could be.

In gentle moods I love the hills,
Because they bound my spirit;
But to the broad blue sea I fly
When I would feel the destiny
Immortal souls inherit."

Whether by doubling Straitsmouth, or passing through the Gut separating this island from Gap Head, the short extension of the sail to Thatcher's is not a less interesting division of it. On this course, the track of coasters between the Cape and Thatcher's is traversed; and it is but a navigable river's width to the parallel track of steamers and ships passing into and out of Massachusetts Bay by the guidance of Thatcher's tall twin towers. Low in the bay, like a great raft, south-westward from Thatcher's is Milk Island. Sometimes a few cattle and sheep are ferried over to the latter from the Cape, for the scant herbage growing on it among the rocks. The shore of the former, all round, rises from the sea like a massive wall such as no might or skill of man ever reared. Near the one slope where small boats may land, the yacht is left to ride at anchor, while the voyagers see and learn all they may within the jagged rim which through all the years withstands the fury of tempest and wave.

In 1635, nineteen years after Captain John Smith named Straitsmouth, Thatcher's, and Milk Islands, the Three Turks' Heads, Thatcher's, the middle and largest of the three, became the object of the early colonists' sorrowful attention, because of an event the like of which had not before happened in New England. In Dr. Alexander Young's "Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," is a narrative of this event, which was written by Anthony Thatcher,

whose name the island now bears. It is entitled "Thatcher's Narrative of his Shipwreck." A large part of it should be repeated to our excursionists, for nothing can be better or more touching to their minds than the sufferer's own manner of telling the sad tale.

"There was a league of perpetual friendship between" Mr. Thatcher and his "Cousin Avery" (who "was," said Increase Mather, "a precious holy minister") "never to forsake each other to the death, but to be partakers of each other's misery or welfare, as also of habitation, in the same place." They with their families came from England together. Upon their arrival in New England, they tarried awhile in Ipswich, but finally took up their abode in Newbury, notwithstanding Mr. Avery had been "invited to Marblehead." There was no church "planted there as yet, but a town appointed to set up the trade of fishing." Though the promise was held out that Mr. Avery should become in due time the pastor of the Marblehead church, he was not inclined to leave Newbury. The good man shrank from what he believed would be a difficult work. For a time he did not rise to the heroic purpose to spend his strength where the need for it seemed the greatest. "But" (in the language of Mr. Thatcher) "being solicited so often by the men of the place, and by the magistrates, and by Mr. Cotton, and most of the ministers, who alleged what a benefit we might

be to the people there, and also to the country and commonwealth at length, . . . we thither consented to go. They of Marblehead forthwith sent a pinnace for us and our goods."

The pinnace went to the then best known port near Newbury for the minister and his friend, and their wives and children. Mr. Thatcher's words are: "We embarked at Ipswich, August 11, 1635, with our families and substance, bound for Marblehead, we being in all twenty-three souls; viz., eleven in my cousin's family, seven in mine, and one Mr. William Eliot, sometimes of New Sarum, and four mariners. The next morning, having commended ourselves to God, with cheerful hearts we hoisted sail. But the Lord suddenly turned our cheerfulness into mourning and lamentations. For on the 14th of this August, 1635, about ten at night, having a fresh gale of wind, our sails being old and done were split. The mariners, because that it was night, would not put to new sails, but resolved to cast anchor till morning. But before daylight it pleased the Lord to send so mighty a storm as the like was never known in New England since the English came, nor in the memory of any of the Indians. It was so furious that our anchor came home. Whereupon the mariners let out more cable, which at last slipped away. Then our sailors knew not what to do; but we were driven before the wind and waves.

"My cousin and I perceived our danger, and

solemnly recommended ourselves to God, the Lord both of earth and seas, expecting with every wave to be swallowed up and drenched in the deeps. And as my cousin, his wife, and my tender babes sat comforting and cheering one the other in the Lord against ghastly death, which every moment stared us in the face and sat triumphing upon each one's forehead, we were by the violence and fury of the winds (by the Lord's permission) lifted up upon a rock between two high rocks, yet all was one rock. But it raged with the stroke, which came into the pinnace, so that we were presently up to our middles in water, as we sat. The waves came furiously and violently over us, and against us, but, by reason of the rock's proportion, could not lift us off, but beat her all to pieces. Now look with me upon our distress and consider of my misery, who beheld the ship broken, the water in her and violently overwhelming us, my goods and provisions swimming in the seas, my friends almost drowned, and mine own poor children so untimely (if I may so term it without offence) before mine eyes drowned, and ready to be swallowed up and dashed to pieces against the rocks by the merciless waves, and myself ready to accompany them. But I must go on to an end of this woful relation.

"In the same room whereas he sat, the master of the pinnace, not knowing what to do, our foremast was cut down, our mainmast broken in three

pieces, the forepart of the pinnace beat away, our goods swimming about the seas, my children bewailing me as not pitying themselves, and myself bemoaning them, poor souls, whom I had occasioned to such an end in their tender years, when as they scarce could be sensible of death. And so likewise my cousin, his wife, and his children ; and both of us bewailing each other in our Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom only we had comfort and cheerfulness ; insomuch that, from the greatest to the least of us, there was not one screech or outcry made ; but all, as silent sheep, were contentedly resolved to die together lovingly, as since our acquaintance we had lived together friendly.

"Now as I was sitting in the cabin-room door, with my body in the room, when lo! one of the sailors, by a wave being washed out of the pinnace, was gotten in again, and coming into the cabin room over my back cried out: 'We are all cast away. The Lord have mercy upon us! I have been washed overboard into the sea, and am gotten in again.' His speeches made me look forth. And looking towards and seeing how we were, I turned myself to my cousin and the rest, and spake these words: 'O cousin, it hath pleased God to cast us here between two rocks, the shore not far from us, for I saw the tops of trees when I looked forth.' Whereupon the master of the pinnace, looking up at the scuttle-hole of the

quarter-deck, went out at it; but I never saw him afterwards. Then he that had been in the sea went out again by me, and leaped overboard towards the rocks, whom afterwards also I could not see.

"Now none were left in the bark, that I knew or saw, but my cousin, his wife and children, myself and mine, and his maid-servant. But my cousin thought that I would have fled from him, and said unto me, 'O cousin! leave us not, let us die together,' and reached forth his hand unto me. Then I, letting go my son Peter's hand, took him by the hand, and said, 'Cousin, I purpose it not. Whither shall I go? I am willing and ready here to die with you and my poor children. God be merciful to us and receive us to himself;' adding these words, 'The Lord is able to help and deliver us.' He replied, saying: 'Truth, cousin; but what his pleasure is we know not. I fear we have been too unthankful for former deliverances. But he hath promised to deliver us from sin and condemnation, and to bring us safe to heaven through the all-sufficient satisfaction of Jesus Christ. This therefore we may challenge of him.' To which I replying said, 'That is all the deliverance I now desire and expect.'

"Which words I had no sooner spoken but by a mighty wave I was, with the piece of the bark, washed out upon part of the rock, where the wave left me almost drowned; but, recovering my

feet, I saw above me on the rock my daughter Mary, to whom I had no sooner gotten but my cousin Avery and his eldest son came to us, being all four of us washed out by one and the same wave. We went all into a small hole on the top of the rock, whence we called to those in the pinnace to come unto us, supposing we were in more safety than they were in. My wife, seeing us there, was crept up into the scuttle of the quarter-deck to come unto us. But presently came another wave, and, dashing the pinnace all to pieces, carried my wife away in the scuttle, as she was, with the greater part of the quarter-deck, unto the shore; where she was cast safely, but her legs were something bruised. And much timber of the vessel being there also cast, she was some time before she could get away, being washed by the waves. All the rest that were in the bark were drowned in the merciless seas. We four by that wave were clean swept away from off the rock, also, into the sea; the Lord, in one instant of time, disposing of fifteen souls of us, according to his good pleasure and will.

"His pleasure and wonderful great mercy to me was thus. Standing on the rock, as before you heard, with my eldest daughter, my cousin, and his eldest son, looking upon and talking to them in the bark, when as we were by that merciless wave washed off the rock, as before you heard, God, in his mercy, caused me to fall, by the stroke of the

wave, flat on my face; for my face was toward the sea. Insomuch that, as I was sliding off the rock into the sea, the Lord directed my toes into a joint in the rock's side, as also the tops of some of my fingers, with my right hand, by means whereof, the wave leaving me, I remained so, hanging on the rock, only my head above the water; when on the left hand I espied a board or plank of the pinnace. And as I was reaching out my left hand to lay hold on it, by another coming over the top of the rock I was washed away from the rock, and by the violence of the waves was driven hither and thither in the seas a great while, and had many dashes against the rocks. At length, past hopes of life, and wearied in body and spirits, I even gave over to nature; and, being ready to receive in the waters of death, I lifted up both my heart and hands to the God of heaven — for note, I had my senses remaining perfect with me all the time I was in the water — who at that instant lifted my head above the top of the water, that so I might breathe without any hindrance by the waters. I stood bolt upright as if I had stood upon my feet; but I felt no bottom, nor had any footing for to stand upon but waters.

"While I was thus above the water, I saw by me a piece of the mast, as I suppose, about three foot long, which I labored to catch into my arms. But suddenly I was overwhelmed with water, and driven to and fro again, and at last I felt the

ground with my right foot. When immediately, whilst I was thus grovelling on my face, I, presently recovering my feet, was in the water up to my breast, and through God's great mercy had my face unto the shore, and not to the sea. I made haste to get out, but was thrown on my hands with the waves, and so with safety crept to the dry shore. Where, blessing God, I turned about to look for my children and friends, but saw neither, nor any part of the pinnace, where I left them, as I supposed. But I saw my wife about a butt length from me, getting herself forth from amongst the timber of the broken bark; but before I could get unto her, she was gotten to the shore. I was in the water, after I was washed from the rock, before I came to the shore, a quarter of an hour at least.

"I will proceed on in the relation of God's goodness unto me in that desolate island on which I was cast. I and my wife were almost naked, both of us, and wet and cold even unto death. I found a snapsack cast on the shore, in which I had a steel and flint and powder-horn. Going further, I found a drowned goat; then I found a hat, and my son William's coat, both which I put on. My wife found one of her petticoats, which she put on. I found also two cheeses and some butter driven ashore. Thus the Lord sent us some clothes to put on, and food to sustain our new lives, which we had lately given unto us, and means also to make fire; for in a horn I had some gunpowder,

which to mine own, and since to other men's admiration, was dry. So taking a piece of my wife's neckcloth, which I dried in the sun, I struck fire, and so dried and warmed our wet bodies; and then skinned the goat, and having found a small brass pot we boiled some of her. Bread we had none.

"There we remained until the Monday following; when about three of the clock in the afternoon, in a boat that came that way, we went off that desolate island, which I named after my name, *Thatcher's Woe*, and the rock, *Avery his Fall*, to the end that their fall and loss, and mine own, might be had in perpetual remembrance. In the isle lieth buried the body of my cousin's eldest daughter, whom I found dead on the shore. On the Tuesday following, in the afternoon, we arrived at Marblehead."

In some way, which cannot be explained here, a rock, a mile inside the Salvages toward Rockport, and more than two miles from Thatcher's Island, has become known as "Avery's Rock." Being always under water, its locality is only revealed at low tide by the breaking and foaming of the waves which pass over it. But the true Avery's Rock, or "Avery's Fall," according to Mr. Thatcher's narrative, is very near the south shore of Thatcher's Island, or "Thatcher's Woe," as the sorrowful man felt inclined to name it. One of the interesting quests of visitors on the island is for this rock with features corresponding to the description in the narrative. And, while looking down upon it

from one of the bold cliffs of the island, one is moved to read to his companions who are already seated around him this "Swan Song of Parson Avery," by Whittier: —

"When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river harbor in the shallop 'Watch and Wait.'

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wavelike inland, with oaks and walnuts green:
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast lines, gone were rock and wood and sand:
Grimly anxious stood the skipper, with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore:
'Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more.'

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop: woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And through it all the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind:
'All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!

'In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy Word!
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard!
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord!

'In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin!
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me enter in!'

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near;
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes, so faint and broken, swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request:
As the strong wave swept him downward, the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went singing to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read;
And long by board and hearthstone the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall!"

With reference to Thatcher's Island, Mr. Babson says: "It is estimated to contain about eighty acres, most of which have patches of good soil, affording rich pasturage for a few cattle. In 1714 it was purchased by Rev. John White for a hundred pounds. He sold it in 1727, to Joseph Allen, for a hundred and seventy-five pounds. In 1771 the Colonial Government became its owner at a cost of five hundred pounds, and proceeded in the same year to erect two lighthouses and a dwelling-house on it. The lights were lighted for the first time Dec. 21, 1771. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, the keeper of the lights (Kirkwood) was forcibly removed from the island by Captain Rogers's company of minute-men, as a person inimical to the patriotic sentiments generally held by the people of the town. After a lapse of time the lights were relighted, and have ever since thrown forth their friendly beams to greet the anxious mariner, and in the darkness of night direct his way over the pathless sea."

A few years since, the ancient lighthouses were taken down, and new ones erected in their places. Together with these two unusually tall towers of stone, there are substantial and comfortable dwellings for the keepers and tenders of the lights, and a building for the steam-engine, which, through the hours and days of thick vapor or fog, sounds the fog-horn to apprise approaching vessels of their situation and danger.

The lighthouses are round towers, and so the ascent to their lanterns of necessity is spiral. From the balconies around the lanterns the views are magnificent. But these costly shafts, uplifted so high from their solid foundations toward the heavens, are not chiefly noticeable for enabling the vision of man to overlook so much of land and sea, but for the power and splendor of their lights. Far over the sea these lights are descried by ships homeward bound from foreign ports, by fishing-craft from the Gulf of Labrador or from the Banks of Newfoundland, and by coasters following the long and irregular shore from the British Provinces and the ports of Maine to Massachusetts Bay. Nearer, from the windows of hundreds of dwellings, they are beheld night after night through the years, almost as having the thought and care of human forms, and as taking into themselves the watchfulness of anxious thousands on shore, and holding it far out over the waves in flames which never become dim. The sea-birds, attracted by the splendor of these quenchless flames, fly with such force against the plates of glass which protect the flames from wind and storm, that they fall dead upon the rocks around the towers. As moths and millers are drawn to the lamp in the parlor, so the wild goose, the brant, the black duck, the loon, and the coot are drawn to the glowing lantern on the lighthouse tower. But how much of the world's interest, of man's concern, is blended

with the rays which stream from the lofty tower on the ocean's edge of rock and sand! Longfellow has not in too glowing numbers told his story of the Lighthouse: —

"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And, as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare.

Nor one alone: from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings, and winds, and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse;
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man.'"

Having spent a few hours rambling over the island, — now indulging grave reflections, and now bright and cheerful fancies; now musing over a

broken spar lodged among the rocks where the tide ebbs and flows; and now observing the brilliant hue of the pimpernel, unfolded in the sunshine, and giving no hint of cloud or rain, — the voyagers return to the yacht; and, after running westward by Pebble Stone Beach and Long Beach, and then tacking and making a sweep around Milk Island, sail homeward, passing the true "Avery's Fall," as well as the south and east shore of Thatcher's Island, and following the shore of the Cape to Gap Head, and thence on a straight course, crossing Sandy Bay, to the harbor of Pigeon Cove.

This ending of the little voyage is sometimes unusually interesting and exciting for the appearance of whales, — now and then a school of six or eight, — spouting and playing hide-and-seek but two or three hundred yards from the yacht. One fair September day, in 1870, a party of Philadelphians, in a pleasure-boat, just departing from Thatcher's Island, began to converse playfully of the hidden monsters that might come to sight; perhaps too near the boat for the comfort of the passengers. A gentleman on board with them, who had been a long time familiar with the sea around our headland, said that he had seen almost every summer the kind of whales called blackfish, between Thatcher's and Straitsmouth Islands, and in Sandy and Ipswich Bays. Some of the company doubted, or affected to doubt, his word, and gently asked, "Have you not been telling a fish-story?" But

scarcely had this question escaped from their lips before a noise came to the hearing of the persons in the boat like the rushing of a wave up the ascending floor of a beach, but more sudden and not at all prolonged. Looking for the occasion of the noise, and seeing two whales passing Flat Point on their way to deeper water, "There are two of the monsters now," said he; "and, as luck would have it, you have a fine chance to see with your own eyes these immense creatures of the ocean, now diving to the bottom of the sea, and now rising to its surface, expelling water through the holes in their heads from their closed capacious mouths." A long while the excursionists watched the gambols of the hŭge pair; and when the whales had gone a mile away, distinctly came to the hearing of the curious gazers the sound of the spray which they threw into the air with great force.

When Massachusetts Bay and Ipswich Bay are thronged with menhaden, herring, or mackerel, moving within sight of the shore from point to point in schools, the extent of which is denoted by the darker shade and bubbling of large spaces of the ocean's surface, then the whales are likely to appear in the same waters, devouring these smaller inhabitants of the sea by hundreds in every onset. But the whales in turn become game, and are pursued also; and the menhaden, herring, and mackerel are no longer with fright shooting in every direction from their wide-open jaws. The

fishermen, in boats quietly following them, with dexterous aim and thrust harpoon them. Sometimes, not having the whaler's instrument and line at hand, with aid of rifles, fowling-pieces, and lusty shouting, they drive them into some shallow bay or cove, where the terrified monsters run aground, and so are easily captured. Not many years since five or six whales were in this manner driven ashore near Bay View. When the tide went down, they were left "high and dry," like stranded ships. The large quantity of oil obtained amply repaid the fishermen for their exercise of energy and daring. While the chase was progressing, since it had not been engaged in out of mere wantonness, but for honorable profit, the witnesses of it on the shore were not unwilling lookers-on, and would not have called Mr. Bergh to stop it, had he been at the time within hailing distance. The sailing and rowing were quite as skilful as horsemanship on the race-course, and certainly, in the judgment of the humane, ended in results not less noble.

Here ending discourse about whales, a few words from Rev. Francis Higginson's Journal, written in 1629, after he had crossed the ocean from England to Salem, will not be inapposite. Said the brave and enthusiastic minister to his countrymen at home: "Our passage was both pleasurable and profitable; for we received instruction and delight in beholding the wonders of the Lord in the deep waters, and sometimes seeing the

sea round us appearing with a terrible countenance and, as it were, full of high hills and deep valleys; and sometimes it appeared as a most plain and even meadow. And ever and anon we saw divers kinds of fishes sporting in the great waters, great grampuses and huge whales, going by companies and puffing up water streams. Those that love their own chimney-corner, and dare not go far beyond their own town's end, shall never have the honor to see these wonderful works of Almighty God."

BATHING AND SWIMMING.

SALVAGES FROM OCEAN AVENUE.

The facilities on the shore of Pigeon Cove for bathing and swimming should not be overlooked. It is but a short walk from the hotels and the vil-

lage homes to the Bath. Here the granite shore is as clean as the pure water of the ocean can wash it; and there are hollows and basins in the rocks, and, over a barrier of stones outside of them, a smooth granite floor across which are stretched strong ropes made fast at each end to iron bolts driven into holes drilled deep into a ledge or boulder. Every incoming tide brings to the granite floor and to the hollows and basins a new supply of cool, pure brine for the bathers. Every outgoing tide takes away the last water dashed over them by the waves, leaving them clean and to be wholly supplied again, on the return of the untainted, wholesome sea. Ascending from the bathing floor and basins to the clothing rooms of the bath-house, at the brink of the high ground above them, there is no need of a second bath to be rid of clinging sea-weed and sand. And as to the safety of still-bathing or surf-bathing here: the first case of drowning has not yet occurred. After fair trials on the beaches, as well as here on the rocks, the majority of bathers prefer the clear, pure water, and the clean, firm footing of the Bath at Pigeon Cove.

The Gentlemen's Bath is at Hoop Pole Cove, near the cove-end of Dawn Avenue. The descent from the avenue to the water is easy. The slightly sloping granite under water being thickly carpeted with Iceland moss, the footing for bathers who cannot swim is soft and agreeable. The boul-

ders out in deep water, shaggy and maned with sea-weed, are admirable seats for tired swimmers, and immovable piers for the use of divers. Here, so near the outermost point of the Cape, may be enjoyed the full benefit of bathing and swimming. There is no spot on the globe more apart from unpleasant aspects or from disagreeable odors. Fanned by sea-breezes, inhaling pure air, catching the healing perfumes which steal from the pastures to the shore and become one with the breath of the sea, bathers and swimmers here attain the utmost enjoyment, the very ecstasy of their recreation. It is surprising how many living within sight of the sea know nothing of this rapture. How few of the millions of men on the earth could sing from their own hearts these lines! —

> "And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
> Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne, like bubbles, onward: from a boy
> I wanton'd with thy breakers, — they to me
> Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
> Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear.
> For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
> And trusted to thy billows far and near,
> And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here."

Writing of the Bath at Pigeon Cove, Mrs. N. T. Munroe says: "One of the principal businesses as well as pleasures of the sea-shore is bathing. To come to the sea-shore and not bathe would be the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. And here they come tripping down with bathing-dresses on arm and bathing-hats on head. A few moments

suffice for change of dress, and then they come forth from the bathing-houses a merry company.

"Some bathe from a sense of duty, others for pleasure and excitement. You can tell the different motives of the bathers at a glance. The former go into the water as they would into a dentist's chair. They nerve themselves up to it. They stoop down, take off the hat, which they fill with water and pour over head and shoulders, then catching the rope they venture three or four plunges, and the thing is done, the duty is performed: they come out, and go dripping back to the bathing-house, 'a damp, moist body.' Now none are left but those who bathe for the love of it. It is pleasant to watch them. After the first plunge and its accompanying screeching and catching of breath and shivering, then comes the pleasure of the thing. Sit down on the wet rock, and let that great wave come tumbling in over you, and the fine spray sprinkle you. It is exhilarating. How cold the water when it first dashed over you! What a glow now pervades your whole system! How strong are the waves, and yet they are comparatively nothing on this fine summer day. Think of their power in storm and tempest. Think of yourself, a poor, shipwrecked mortal, clinging to this cold, hard rock while the great waves are thundering in upon you, and the surf smothering you, — no foot-hold, your hands torn and bleeding, and not able to clutch the cruel rock; — don't you feel a pity for

yourself? Or what if you were on one of these rocks, surprised by the tide, and seeing no way to get off? You see the water rising slowly and surely; you calculate how long before it reach your waist, your arms, your neck, your mouth; — and you are smothered — dead! Ah! a fearful grave is this of the cold, cold sea. Prometheus chained to his rock, 'the vulture at his vitals;' Andromeda, 'bound on the sea-girt rock which is washed by the surges for ever,' waiting for 'the mystical fish of the seas' to come and devour her; Simeon Stylites standing on his pillar, 'a sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud, that he might have the meed of the saint's "white robe and the palm,"' — might; to be sure, beseech the cold, surging waves to cover them, and end their horror and their agony. But all this bounding, beating life of ours cries out against being thus swallowed up by the waters. It was a most distressful cry, that of David: 'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me!'

"But here the water is pleasant and agreeable: we stretch out our arms and embrace it; we catch the crystal drops as they come showering down, and we have breath enough to say with Byron,

'And I do love thee, Ocean!'

"But even bathing must have an end, and at last we come forth from the surf, 'dripping and very wet;' and this business — pleasure — of the day is over."

TREES AND FLOWERS OF CAPE ANN.

THE NEW PIGEON COVE HOUSE.

The trees and flowers of our Cape attract the especial notice of visitors. Coming to a region of ledges and boulders swept by ocean winds from almost every quarter, expecting to roam over a gray waste and to survey from every point of view only barrenness hemmed in by the blue sea, they marvel on beholding extensive tracts of woodland, making so beautiful a contrast both with the gray, mossy stones, and the blue or the

white-crested waves. Even the pastures, which have been a long time shorn of their ancient sylvan beauty, are not naked. They have put on a mottled garment of sumac-trees, barberry-bushes, bayberry-shrubs, sweet-ferns, huckleberry patches, high and low blackberries in braid and tangle, and white clover, and the common upland grasses in broad folds and spangled scarfs. At some points close to the sea, the woods are majestic. Elsewhere the stunted yellow-pines, in connection with the rocks and the sea, seem just as admirably in place, and remind one of what Ruskin observes in admiration of the stone-pines of Italy. In the more extensive woods, the oaks, maples, birches, and pines, common in other parts of New England, are found. The hickory grows in every woodland tract, the butternut in a few places; but the chestnut is nowhere seen. Some divisions of the forest are almost entirely covered with beeches. There is a thrifty grove of oaks in the Lanesville woods, — the result of the attempt of one man to raise a grove from the sowing of acorns. He lived to walk in the shade of these trees. There are white-pines here and there, in groups, which overtop all other trees of the forest. And on many knolls and slopes there are groves of young white-pines, so thickly planted that the ground which they cover is but sparsely flecked with sunlight. Walking on the dry, red needles, beneath their dense green roofs, one tries in vain to get a glimpse

of the sky. In these groves there is the stillness of far-off woods, where no man passes by, — the stillness which is only broken by the note of a tiny flycatcher, or the soft, sweet song of the hermit thrush. The tupelo, or crab-tree, — in the Middle States called the sour-gum tree, — grows both in moist places and on high grounds. It is a beautiful tree, both for the fashion of its branches, and the gloss of its dark-green leaves. Its limbs stretch out from the trunk all round, horizontally, the topmost farthest; and all, from the trunk to the outermost twigs, with angles, giving a gnarled effect: so that the tree is wide and flat on the top, and gnarled throughout. It is the first of the trees of the forest to show, amid the general green and shade, the flame of ripened leaves. Before the white-birch exhibits a single leaf of orange, before the maple of the swamp holds out to our sight its earliest spray of scarlet, the tupelo is a beacon in full blaze, lighting up the sylvan shadows as the pillar of fire lighted up the gloom of night. The elm towers gracefully from the deep soil of our meadows and ravines, but most of the elms of our streets and homesteads were brought from abroad; many from Ipswich, and some from far-off valleys of New Hampshire and Maine. The ash is a common tree in our woods; and when the various colors of the autumn leaves are brightest, its delicate amber is presented in the gorgeous display. The hemlock, justly praised by

Downing as one of the more beautiful of the evergreens, is as much at home on our rocky slopes and ridges as on the banks of the Mattawamkeag, or the hills and promontories around Umbagog or Moosehead Lake. The red-cedars, or savins, are thickly scattered over many of the pastures. Their dark-hued, taper shapes, rigid and erect, alike through calm and storm, through summer's heat and winter's cold, scarcely showing from year to year a change from growth, are the Stoics of the realm of trees. To them it is all the same, if the air be bland and sweet, or rigorous and bitter with tempest and hail. Of all heights, from the tiny ones of two feet to the full-grown of fifteen and twenty, they stand on hill-tops, ledges, and slopes; on the edges of precipices; here and there clinging to the perpendicular front of a precipice, their foothold but a crevice or crack midway from the ground or brink; singly and in groups over acres on acres of granite steeps and rugged undulations. They are ever inflexible, without perceptible mutation, whether the sward is green and sprinkled with white-clover blossoms, or wearing a hoary covering of frost and snow; whether the purple finches come in the fervid season to dwell and sing on their fragrant, evergreen branches, or the quails in the frigid months to cuddle on the ground beneath them. And there are flowering trees and shrubs which fulfil charmingly a part of the beneficent appointment of God, that the hard and

rough places of the earth should be clothed and adorned. Conspicuous among these are the locusts. When in blossom, these trees, in groups near many dwellings, and in rows by the roadside, are as snowy clouds, hanging low, and touching roof and wall, and trailing along the ground. Far around them the air is laden with their perfume. The wild red-cherry, the shad-bush, the alders, the sumacs, the barberry-bush, the elders, the wild-roses, and the laurels, all present their show of beauty in their appointed seasons. The mountain-laurels in our woods, as thrifty and rank a short distance southward from Cape Pond as anywhere in Maryland or Virginia, in their midsummer time of putting forth flowers, crowd upon the rambler in the widest forest path with their splendid display. In the swamps of the West Parish of Gloucester, they vie with the magnolias in giving the wildest and most neglected nooks the magnificence of an Eden.

It is delightful to read in Parson Higginson's Journal of his voyage across the Atlantic, bearing the far-back date of 1629, his account of the trees and flowers near and upon our Cape. "On Friday, the 26th of June: The sea was abundantly stored with rockweed and yellow flowers, like gilliflowers. By noon we were within three leagues of Cape Ann; and, as we sailed along the coasts, we saw every hill and dale and every island full of gay woods and high trees. The nearer we

came to the shore, the more flowers in abundance, sometimes scattered abroad, sometimes joined in sheets nine or ten yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadows by the tide. Now what with fine woods and green trees by land, and these yellow flowers painting the sea, made us all desirous to see our new paradise of New England, whence we saw such forerunning signals of fertility afar off." After describing the slow progress of the following day, and much trouble late in the afternoon, because of "a fearful gust of wind and rain and thunder and lightning," "We had a westerly wind, which brought us, between five and six o'clock, to a fine, sweet harbor, seven miles from the headpoint of Cape Ann; . . . where there was an island, whither four of our men with a boat went, and brought back again ripe strawberries and gooseberries, and sweet single roses." When the Sabbath and its rest and worship had passed, and the ship proceeded toward Salem, "It was wonderful to behold so many islands, replenished with thick woods and high trees, and many fair green pastures."

The good parson's particular notice of the "sweet single roses," which were brought to the ship from Ten Pound Island in Gloucester Harbor, as well as his previous observation of the buttercups that floated to the ship's side from Ipswich Bay, was but a hint to his friends in England of the profusion of floral gifts from the Creator's hand

on every rood of our rocky Cape; for the same lavishment of flowers on this "fair headland" is witnessed to-day. In whatever direction the florist strays, the wild-flowers hear his step, and wave to him their showy and bold, or timid and modest signals of recognition and welcome. The rich may withhold from him such favor and encouragement as they might bestow; for the flowers will come to him with their silver and golden cups, and make him opulent. The holders of place, and dispensers of position and honor, may deny his ability to take upon himself responsibility and trust, and refuse to clothe him with the robes of power; for the flowers will lead him into paths traversing fields of the noblest and most delightful employment, and will bring to him, as the best and most glorious symbols of eminence, their own royal blue and purple and scarlet. The door-keepers and guardians of refined and polished society may fail to perceive his intellectual and spiritual fitness for the order of life to which he would be admitted; for the flowers will open to him their own wide gates, arched with vines and decorated with leaves and blossoms; grant him admission to companionship which cannot be lowered by the dross of envy and jealousy, or the alloy of vanity; receive him with acclamations which, though silent, are heard by his inward ear; pass by him in gay processions, waving flags of every hue, and swinging censers filled with the sweetest incense. With them he

will have the wealth, place, distinction, employment, society, pomp, and aroma, which no change or revolution in the world of human life can affect.

The trailing arbutus in the Magnolia Woods comes in the spring with its sweet benediction; the hepatica, in the same locality and almost everywhere. The white flowers of the blood-root deck a few sunny slopes. The dog's-tooth violets swing their golden bells. The delicate wind-flowers tremble to the lightest breeze. The yellow cowslips star the swamps. The blue violets tuft the fields, pastures, and roadsides. The dandelions smile on the lawn, in the edge of the wood, in the mowing, on the shore of the sea, on the border of every path, and in the very track of passing feet. The innocents, or quaker-girls, come in swarms, whitening the sward. The saxifrage holds up to be seen its modest little cyme. The yellow violets show themselves cautiously on a few sunny slopes. The columbines adorn the ledges and cliffs, growing where the soil is gravelly and thin, and from cracks and crevices in the steep fronts of granite piles of every height. The white violets spread in squads over many moist or springy places. They are precious though tiny flowers, both for delicacy and exquisite fragrance. The nodding wake-robins, coming with the warmth and glory of summer, hang their heads in thickets by the wall, or in the shade of the woods, as if ashamed of their own unpleasant atmosphere. The smiling wake-robins spring up

in the pines, a cheerful crowd with white, pink-tinted faces, rejoicing in the certainty of gladdening the eye and the heart of the rambler seeking them. The sweet-brier rose, or eglantine, here and there charily, and the more common wild-rose, everywhere generously, unfold their charms while the fervors of summer increase. The crimson pasture-lilies, with flecks of black within their cups, burn as so many thousand torches, not to consume or destroy all surrounding life, but to illuminate the broad and sober areas of close-cropped grass, ledges and boulders, interspersed with extensive divisions of densely growing huckleberry-shrubs and blackberry-vines. The pitcher-plant, in the wildest swamps, brings forth its superb gift, — a beautifully fashioned pitcher, filled with water, in one hand, and a curiously constructed, splendid flower in the other. The cardinal lobelias, arrayed in scarlet, stand in line like red-coated soldiers on the brink of a brook, overtopped by a rear line of black alders. The contrast as seen across the brook is striking. But the eye is not always seeking such contrasts. It often turns from the scarlet-clad cardinals, though they exhibit their splendor all along the marge of a lakelet or stream, to examine the shy little blossoms which hide in the grass, or are content to share a lowly, unattractive spot with gravel and sand. The pimpernel, in a bare place by the sea, often overswept by the spray, never crowded by the flowers that love and cling

to fertile spots, that enjoy taking part in grand displays, lives to be useful as well as to adorn its sterile home. It is "the poor man's weather-glass," telling him when to close his doors and windows against the storm, and when to open them again for the free ingress of the beneficent sunshine, and of the breeze from the sea, redolent with brine. The modest bellworts of the wood, the simple blue-eyed grass of the swale, the humble primrose of the pasture, and many other common, lowly flowers, scattered over our sea-girdled territory, keep the florist busy in his charming pursuit, throughout the summer, and richly reward him for all his painstaking and study. The twin-flowers, both beautiful and sweet, are not the least attractive of the manifold wonders in the South Woods. *Linnæa borealis*, — the union of the great botanist's love with the fairest hue of the northern sky, — how suitable a name for these flowers so charmingly disposed on the slender, creeping, trailing branches of an evergreen plant, which cover the roots of decaying stumps and little mossy mounds! The orchis, the iris, the water-lilies, as well as the earlier yellow lady's-slipper of June, and the taller, queenlier lady's-slipper of July, are soon followed by the autumnal flowers. Before the days of autumn come, or the reign of the dog-star ceases, the golden-rods begin to change from green into yellow, and earth and sea and sky to show premonishing signs of the nearness of September and October.

Group by group the autumnal flowers appear: the golden-rod with full and showy plumes in every part of the landscape; the asters, in their style as conspicuous and as abounding; the fall dandelions, sprinkled over all the acres from the hill-tops to the sea; — all uniting with the ripening apples and pears of the orchards, the painted tupelo, ash, oak, walnut, birch, maple, and beech of the forest, the sumac, ivy, bramble, and woodbine of the less covered grounds; the barberry-bushes in clumps, on the knolls and slopes of the pastures and along by the walls, with depending clusters of blood-red berries; the sky and clouds, gorgeous with all the colors of the rainbow at every going-down of the sun, — all uniting with these objects to give the last days of the harvest-season, ere they pass away, a sober but rich and befitting splendor. But even when the autumnal magnificence is with the past; when the November frosts have done on the hills and in the meadows their blighting and numbing work, and the sky is dun, and the earth is cold, now and then come days of golden sun and golden haze, when the rambler, beginning to climb through the beeches the northern slope of Pigeon Hill, sees the herb-robert still green and adorned with flowers just blown, on rough rocks deeply embedded in dead leaves; and making his way, afterwards, to the sea, he discovers on a low bush a "sweet single rose," and farther, on the "ocean's edge," a pimpernel of brightest dye.

Here is annexed a list of the Trees, Shrubs, and Plants of our Cape, which have come under the notice of Mr. Calvin W. Pool, of Rockport, during the last ten or twelve years. Having promptly responded to a note asking for it, Mr. Pool says: —

"The list is, I think, quite accurate as far as it goes; but it does not include perhaps more than a quarter part of the plants which may be found here.

"It shows how far I have gone in the analysis of the plants of this town, — a work which I take up as leisure and inclination prompt me.

"I have given first the scientific name (according to Gray) and then the common or popular name of each specimen.

"Probably, had I more time, I could enlarge the list very considerably; but, as it is, it gives a very good idea of the Flora of the town."

TREES.

Acer Pennsylvanicum	Striped Maple.
„ spicatum	Mountain „
„ saccharinum	Sugar „
„ rubrum	Red „
Robinia Pseudacacia	Locust.
Prunus Pennsylvanica	Wild Red Cherry.
„ Virginiana	Choke Cherry.
„ serotina	Black Cherry.
Nyssa multiflora	Tupelo Tree.
Fraxinus Americana	White Ash.
„ sambucifolia	Black „
Ulmus Americana	American Elm.
Carya alba	Shellbark.

Quercus alba	White Oak.
„ ilicifolia	Scrub „
„ rubra	Red „
Fagus ferruginea	American Beech.
Carpinus Americana	Hornbeam.
Betula alba	White Birch.
„ excelsa	Yellow „
„ lenta	Black „
„ pumila	Low „
Populus tremuloides	American Aspen.
„ balsamifera	Balsam Poplar.
Pinus rigida	Pitch Pine.
„ strobus	White „
Abies Canadensis	Hemlock Spruce.
„ alba	White „
Juniperus Virginiana	Red Cedar.

SHRUBS.

Sassafras officinale	Sassafras.
Myrica cerifera	Bayberry.
Comptonia asplenifolia	Sweet Fern.
Juniperus communis	Juniper.
Clematis Virginiana	Virgin's Bower.
Berberis communis	Barberry.
Rhus typhina	Staghorn Sumac.
„ venenata	Poison „
„ Toxicodendron	„ Ivy.
Ampelopsis quinquefolia	Virginian Creeper.
Rhamnus catharticus	Buckthorn.
Spiræa tomentosa	Hardhack.
Rosa lucida	Dwarf Wild Rose.
„ Carolina	Swamp Rose.
Pyrus arbutifolia	Choke Berry.
Amelanchier Canadensis	Shad Bush.
Var. botryapium	
Hamamelis Virginica	Witch Hazel.
Cornus alternifolia	Dogwood.
Lonicera ciliata	Fly Honeysuckle.
Diervilla trifida	Bush „
Sambucus Canadensis	Common Elder.
„ pubens	Red-berried Elder.

Viburnum nudum	Withe Rod.
„ dentatum	Arrow Wood.
„ acerifolium	Maple-leaved Arrow Wood.
„ lantanoides	Wayfaring Tree.
Cephalanthus occidentalis	Button Bush.
Gaylussacia resinosa	Black Huckleberry.
Vaccinium vacillans	Low Blueberry.
„ corymbosum	Swamp „
Cassandra calyculata	Leather Leaf.
Andromeda ligustrina	
Clethra alnifolia	White Alder.
Kalmia latifolia	Mountain Laurel.
„ angustifolia	Sheep Laurel.
Rhodora Canadensis	
Ilex verticillata	Black Alder.
„ glabra	Inkberry.
Nemopanthes Canadensis	Mountain Holly.

HERBS.

Anemone nemorosa	Wind Flower.
Hepatica triloba	Liver Leaf.
Thalictrum divicum	Early Meadow Rue.
„ Cornuti	Meadow Rue.
Ranunculus bulbosus	Buttercup.
„ acris	Tall Buttercup.
Caltha palustris	Marsh Marigold.
Coptis trifolia	Gold Thread.
Aquilegia Canadensis	Wild Columbine.
Nymphæa odorata	Water Lily.
Nuphar advena	Yellow Pond Lily.
Sarracenia purpurea	Side-saddle Flower.
Dicentra cucullaria	Dutchman's Breeches.
Corydalis glauca	Pale Corydalis.
Capsella Bursa-pastoris	Shepherd's Purse.
Cakile Americana	Sea Rocket.
Viola rotundifolia	Round-leaved Violet.
„ lanceolata	Lance-leaved „
„ primulæfolia	Primrose „
„ cucullata	Common Blue „
„ pubescens,	Downy Yellow „
„ tricolor	Heart's-ease, Pansy.

Helianthemum Canadense	Frost Weed.
Drosera rotundifolia	Sun Dew.
Hypericum perfoliatum	Saint John's Wort.
Arenaria peploides	Sea Sand Wort.
„ serpyllifolia	Thyme-leaved Sand Wort.
Cerastium nutans	Chickweed.
„ arvense	Field Chickweed.
Spergularia rubra	Spurrey Sand Wort.
Malva rotundifolia	Common Mallow.
Oxalis stricta	Wood Sorrel.
Geranium maculatum	Wild Cranesbill.
Geranium Robertianum	Herb-Robert.
Impatiens fulva	Jewel Weed.
Trifolium arvense	Stone Clover.
„ pratense	Red „
„ repens	White „
Plantago major	Plantain.
„ maritimus	Seaside Plantain.
Lathyrus maritimus	Beach Pea.
Apios tuberosa	Wild Bean.
Agrimonia eupatoria	Common Agrimony.
Potentilla argentea	Silvery Cinque-foil.
„ Canadensis	Common Cinque-foil.
„ anserina	Silver Weed.
Fragaria Virginiana	Strawberry.
Rubus strigosus	Wild Red Raspberry.
„ villosus	High Blackberry.
„ Canadensis	Low „
Epilobium angustifolium	Great Willow-Herb.
„ coloratum	
Œnothera biennis	Evening Primrose.
„ pumila	Smooth „
Circæa Lutetiana	
„ alpina	
Saxifraga Virginensis	Early Saxifrage.
Cicuta maculata	Spotted Cowbane.
Aralia nudicaulis	Wild Sarsaparilla.
Cornus Canadensis	Bunch Berry.
Linnæa borealis	Twin Flower.
Mitchella repens	Partridge Berry.
Oldenlandia cærulea	Bluets.
Eupatorium perfoliatum	Boneset.

Achillea millefolium	Yarrow.
Leucanthemum vulgare	Ox-eye Daisy.
Artemisia Absinthium	Wormwood.
Lappa major	Burdock.
Cichorium intybus	Succory.
Krigia Virginica	Dwarf Dandelion.
Taraxacum Dens-leonis	Common Dandelion.
Lobelia cardinalis	Cardinal Flower.
Specularia perfoliata	Venus's Looking-glass.
Vaccinium oxycoccus	Small Cranberry.
Gaultheria procumbens	Creeping Wintergreen.
Pyrola rotundifolia	Round-leaved Pyrola.
Chimaphila umbellata	Prince's Pine.
Monotropa uniflora	Corpse Plant.
,, hypopitys	False Beech Drops.
Statice Caroliniana	Marsh Rosemary.
Trientalis Americana	Star Flower.
Lysimachia stricta	Loosestrife.
,, quadrifolia	
Anagallis arvensis	Pimpernel.
Utricularia cornuta	Bladderwort.
Verbascum thapsus	Common Mullein.
Linaria Canadensis	Wild Toad-flax.
,, vulgaris	Butter and Eggs.
Chelone glabra	Snake Head.
Mimulus ringens	Monkey-Flower.
Veronica peregrina	Purselane Speedwell.
Gerardia purpurea	Purple Gerardia.
,, flava	Downy False Foxglove.
Pedicularis Canadensis	Wood Betony.
Melampyrum Americanum	Cow Wheat.
Verbena hastata	Blue Vervain.
Mentha viridis	Spearmint.
,, piperita	Peppermint.
Nepeta Cataria	Catnip.
,, Glechoma	Ground Ivy.
Brunella vulgaris	Heal-All.
Leonurus Cardiaca	Motherwort.
Calystegia sepium	Hedge Bindweed.
Cuscuta Gronovii	Dodder.
Solanum Dulcamara	Bittersweet.
Nicandra physaloides	Apple of Peru.

Apocynum androsæmifolium	Spreading Dogbane.
Asclepias Cornuti	Milkweed.
„ obtusifolia	Wavy-leaved Milkweed.
Phytolacca decandra	Pigeon Berry.
Urtica urens	Stinging Nettle.
Arisæma triphyllum	Indian Turnip.
Symplocarpus fœtidus	Skunk Cabbage.
Zostera marina	Grass Wrack.
Orchis blephariglottis	Yellow-fringed Orchis.
Spiranthes cernua	Ladies' Tresses.
Arethusa bulbosa	
Pogonia ophioglossoides	
Calopogon pulchellus	
Corallorhiza multiflora	Coral Root.
Cypripedium acaule	Lady's Slipper.
Iris versicolor	Blue Flag.
Sisyrinchium Burmudiana	Blue-eyed Grass.
Smilax rotundifolia	Greenbrier.
„ herbacea	Carrion Flower.
Polygonatum biflorum	Solomon's Seal.
Smilacina racemosa	Soikenard.
„ stellata	
„ trifolia	
„ bifolia	
Convallaria majalis	Lily of the Valley.
Clintonia borealis	
Ornithogalum umbellatum	Star of Bethlehem.
Lilium Philadelphicum	Orange-red Lily.
„ Canadense	Yellow Lily.
Erythronium Americanum	Dog's-tooth Violet.
Uvularia perfoliata	Bellwort.
„ sessilifolia	
Streptopus roseus	Twisted Stalk.
Pontederia cordata	Pickerel Weed.
Goodyera repens	Rattlesnake Plantain.

FERNS.

Adiantum pedatum	Maidenhair.
Asplenium Filix-fœmina	
Aspidium marginale	
Osmunda regalis	Flowering Fern.
„ cinnamomea	Cinnamon „
Polypodium vulgare	

ANIMALS AND BIRDS OF CAPE ANN.

DICK'S DREAM.

Something again from Rev. Mr. Higginson. In a narrative following the journal of his voyage, from which some selections have been made, he wrote for the information of his friends in England concerning the "earth of New England, and all the appurtenances thereof." The paragraphs containing what he had learned of the animals and birds of this region are interesting.

"For beasts, there are some bears, and they say some lions; for they have been seen at Cape Ann." (As to the lions, they were put in the woods of the Cape by the imagination of some timid persons. The writer had been misled by hearsay.) "Also here are several sorts of deer, some whereof bring three or four young ones at once, which is not ordinary in

England; also wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, martens, great wild-cats, and a great beast called a molke, as big as an ox." ("Molke" is probably a mistake of the printer for *moose*.) "I have seen the skins of all these beasts since I came to this Plantation excepting lions. Also here are great store of squirrels, some greater, and some smaller and lesser; there are some of the lesser sort, they tell me, that by a certain skin will fly from tree to tree, though they stand far distant."

"Fowls of the air are plentiful here, and of all sorts as we have in England, as far I can learn, and a great many of strange fowls, which we know not. Whilst I was writing these things, one of our men brought home an eagle which he had killed in the wood: they say they are good meat. Also here are many kinds of excellent hawks, both sea-hawks and land-hawks; and myself, walking in the woods with another in company, sprung a partridge so big that through the heaviness of his body could fly but a little way: they that have killed them say that they are as big as our hens. Here are likewise abundance of turkeys, and exceeding fat, sweet, and fleshy; for here they have abundance of feeding all the year long, as strawberries (in summer all places are full of them) and all manner of berries and fruits. In the winter time I have seen flocks of pigeons, and have eaten of them. They do fly from tree to tree as other birds do, which pigeons will not do in England. They are of all colors, as

ours are, but their wings and tails are longer; and therefore it is likely they fly swifter to escape the terrible hawks in this country. In winter time this country doth abound with wild geese, wild ducks, and other sea-fowl, that the great part of winter the planters have eaten nothing but roast meat of divers fowls which they have killed."

Of the animals mentioned by this clergyman of the olden time, only the red foxes, stone-martens, and some of the squirrels remain on the Cape. Long ago, the bears, moose, red deer, beavers, otters, wolves, and wild-cats were exterminated, or they retired from the increasing and spreading towns into the distant wilds of the north and north-east, where the White Hills keep ward over their woody retreats, or the upper rivulets of the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, reflecting the smile of heaven, meander through their dark range of shelter and subsistence. The foxes in our woods, being so few, are scarcely a terror to the ruffed grouse setting on her nest of eggs, or luring her chickens from under-brush and shade into sunny spots where the footpaths intersect. The stone-martens, though hunted and trapped every winter for their valuable fur, are still numerous on the sea-shore, where they have safe recesses, inaccessible hiding-places, and sinuous passages beneath the rocks, and where daily the constant tides bring to them fishes and crabs, and now and then small lobsters. The red and striped squirrels in the forest,

and near the cornfields, suddenly apprise the rambler that his coming is observed. The gray and flying squirrels are seldom seen. Beside these foxes, stone-martens, and squirrels, are two species of rabbits, more numerous, perhaps, than the stone-martens; the larger having their burrows in rocky and bush-covered steeps, around morasses thickly overgrown with alders; the smaller having theirs in the pastures, nearer the habitations of men, under the low branches of the dwarf white-oaks and the stunted yellow-pines. There are also, in different localities, musk-rats, weasels, moles, and other little quadrupeds, but not in numbers to occasion special remark.

But of the birds, or of their kinds, there is no diminution. Mr. Higginson did not write to his friends in England of the birds in the new land, serving in use and song instead of the sky-lark, nightingale, robin, starling, and linnet. But his oversight is not more remarkable than that of thousands to-day. It is not certain that every second or fourth or eighth person, meeting and conversing with his neighbor in the present time, in attempting to enumerate the different classes of land and water birds, would accomplish more than Mr. Higginson did. Even Dr. Palfrey, in his "History of New England," gives a surprisingly small list of birds. Hundreds of persons in every village or town, who know the robin, oriole, blue-bird, cat-bird, blue-jay, wren, song-sparrow, chip-

ping-sparrow, crow, blackbird, and barn and chimney swallows, do not dream that these are but a small beginning of the list that might be made on any summer's day within a mile of their own homes. The red-eyed and the warbling vireos build their nests and sing their songs in the maples which shade their own lawns and door-steps; but they do not distinguish them from other birds. They have not been accustomed to separating the birds into families, and observing the near relationship of some, and the wide differences of others. They have had no experience of the pleasure of telling a bird, near or distant, by his flight or his song. If the golden-winged woodpecker on the aged oak or tupelo, beyond the garden wall, makes the air of the spring morning ring with his many times quickly repeated note, they only think indifferently, "It is the noise of some bird;" though the ornithologist is lifted up from sleep or despondency by the happy sound, exclaiming delightedly, "It is the laughter of the golden-winged woodpecker!" and looks forth from his window eagerly to catch sight of his gold and scarlet adorning, and the crescent of jet across his breast. The Baltimore oriole in the elm, sounding his call like a gay trumpeter; the bobolink, showering his notes ecstatically over field and meadow; the wood-thrush, from a swelling throat pouring flute-notes in the shady seclusion of the hemlocks and pines; and the brown thrasher, singing royally on a

branch overstretching a thicket of alders and brambles,—an inimitable composition,—are not in their minds connected with pleasant memories, and do not seem to them as so many friends with marked but pleasing differences, each reminding them in his own way of the landscapes and the joys which cannot be forgotten; though the true friend and lover of these songsters calls over their names as a mother would the names of her children, in each name seeing an image unlike any other, in each name hearing a voice unlike any other, and seeing and hearing in all the names together a choir bringing to him all the pleasant summers of his bygone years, and bringing to him, too, a cheering promise of the fairer and sweeter years, when the last winter shall be forever over and gone, and "all the worlds shall summer" in the smile of the Universal Father.

The pleasure and profit of rambling on foot, of journeying in a carriage, or of sailing in a yacht, are augmented by a view of every form and aspect of the region traversed or compassed. Animation and vigor come into the mind from the landscapes and the skies at every point of the progress. Hill, wood, rock, tree, shrub, and flower on the earth, and fleecy clouds, clear spaces of blue, and broad stripes and scattered stains of gold and crimson in the heavens, impart something which locomotion solely, or journeying or voyaging as with bandages over the eyes, would not bring. This something is

supplemented by the beauty and music of the birds; for they are everywhere around, — in the trees, in the thickets, on wall, roof, rock, beach, wave, — in the air with motionless wings making circles, or with vigorous plying of wings darting from tree to tree, or swiftly passing from point to point. One is more agreeably affected in March by the glance of the first bluebird's wing, or by his earliest simple notes, than he can employ words to tell. Later, his heart is touched by the conversation of the social, excited swallows on the eaves. The robin's song comes to his ear as freighted with a

OVERLOOK.

message from a land of perpetual summer. The blackbirds in the elm's lofty top, on a breezy day, rising and sinking with the branches, and whistling like the wind sweeping through the rigging of ships, stir him to new effort, to brave and cheerful

renewal of exertion to fulfil the ends of life. The chickadees, never idle, always singing their brief, happy song, teach him the lesson of confidence and persistency. As he passes the brook's fringe of alders, the redstart springs from the shade, and alighting on a twig, unwittingly winning admiration, illustrates the success of the overtaken wayfarer's unexpected brilliant thought. The song-sparrow, near the wayside cottage on the top of the gate-post, or by the sea on the peak of a boulder, with head uplifted, and breast adorned with a single black spot, trembling with joy, sprinkles the air with clearest and brightest drops of melody. The titmouse, busy among the leaves of the maple in the wood; the wren, guarding his little domicile in the pear-tree of the garden; and the ruby-throated humming-bird, darting from flower to flower on the vines climbing the cottage-wall, — are minute marvels of beauty and activity, turning the thoughts to Him who made them as ever mindful of his wee and slender creatures, observing the least one's mishap or fall. The goldfinches on the thistles as truly find provision from God's kind hand as the red-winged blackbirds among the reeds and flags of the meadow. The call of the quails in the mowing, in the grain, and in the pasture-cover, is associated with the leafy months of June and July, and with the ripening grasses and perfected berries of August; with the perfume of red-clover blossoms,

yellow barberry tassels, brilliantly dyed honeysuckles, and new-mown hay; and with the flavor of strawberries, blueberries, huckleberries, raspberries, and high and low blackberries. "More wet!" here and there thrown forth with force from their beaks, is often, during the midsummer heat, a fitting prayer both for themselves and human kind.

In the period of berries, the wild pigeons visit our Cape in flocks. They are less numerous than in former years, but may be seen sometimes in considerable numbers in several of their old haunts; particularly in the pines and the pasture south of them, between Pigeon Cove and Lanesville, within and around Brier Swamp, and in the wood between Folly Point and Lanesville one way, and the Willows and the Ipswich Bay shore the other. But a few summers ago there was, one day, a gathering of two thousand people in this last-named locality, listening to a speech concerning the political affairs of our nation. The speaker, General Butler, stood on a slight elevation in the shade of a wild cherry-tree. It seemed that the tree had been previously visited by pigeons, for its top was thickly studded with black cherries, and in the usual afternoon feeding time of these birds a large flock of them alighted in every part of the tree; and, although evidently surprised to find so great a company of men and women on the ground beneath them, and to hear the general's husky voice sending forth sentences like rattling shot, they made no haste to

fly away. Many minutes passed before they returned to their roosts in the tall white-pines of Brier Swamp. The picture of the quiet crowd listening to the orator, the many-colored costumes, the surrounding tall trees and the thick underbrush, the shining waves of Ipswich Bay discerned through a rift of the wood, and the wild pigeons, some with reddish, and some with pale-blue breasts, distributed throughout the cherry-tree's top, is a novel and exceedingly pleasant one in the memory. On the day following that of the gathering, from a cover of oaks and pines near the cherry-tree, a young sportsman shot fifteen of this flock of pigeons.

Most of those who learn that in the early times the wild pigeons were numerous in our woods suppose that the name of our Hill and Cove thus naturally and easily enough came into use: that the former, when covered with wood, was first called Pigeon Hill; and that then the latter, being at the foot of this elevation, got the name of Pigeon Cove. But there is a tradition which sets this supposition aside; namely, that in the long ago time, when the Cove had no name, immense flocks of pigeons, coming over the sea from New Hampshire and Maine toward the Cape, were enveloped and overwhelmed by a storm, and becoming exhausted fell into the waves; so that after the storm had ceased, large numbers of the dead birds were brought by the waves into the Cove, and thrown upon the rocks and beach. Hence the little inden-

tation became Pigeon Cove; and then the height ascending from it Pigeon Hill.

There is no season here without the companionship of birds. The "many-wintered crow," the blue-jay, the quail, the golden-winged woodpecker, the chickadee, the snow-bunting, the snow-bird, and the lesser red-poll, come into our orchards and about our dwellings almost every day of the severest winter. Also in the winter often appear in the yellow pines of Andrews' Point, and of other similar localities, the pine grosbeaks and the rose-breasted cross-bills, vigorously tearing to pieces the cones of the pines to get their food, and as happily loquacious as the English sparrows on Boston Common. Some of the robins stay on the Cape in the winter, retiring in times of extreme rigor to warm places in swamps and fens; on days of bland airs and melting snow, coming out on the bare spots of ground near the village homes, seeming delighted for the few spring-like hours on the sward and tilth. The ruffed grouse in winter seeks the shelter of the cedars or hemlocks, content with his perch and his evergreen roof, since he is free to go forth to fill his crop with the buds of the black-birch whenever wanting them. Sometimes, after the snow has been falling for hours, wishing for a warmer place than the evergreen's top, he dives from his lofty branch into a hillock of light snow, making, in this single plunge, a hole two or three feet deep, in which he is as comfortable as an

Esquimau wrapped in furs. He is seldom seen till in May, when the forest leaves begin to unfold, and "the shad-bush, white with flowers, to brighten the glens." In that time of returning warmth and expanding beauty, he attracts attention with proud airs and bright display of russet and mottled plumage. If the rambler is in doubt as to his whereabouts, his vigorous drumming in a sunny nook soon makes it known. This noise from his beating wings is

> "A sound like distant thunder: slow the strokes
> At first, then fast and faster, till at length
> They pass into a murmur and are still."

Not only the woods, pastures, orchards, gardens, lanes, and roadsides are haunts of birds, but also the marshes, beaches, islands, rocks, coves, and bays. The sand-peeps in flocks on the wing skim the shallow pools of the beach, and, rising from the beach for a distant flight, suddenly turn and glance to the sun like the leaves of a poplar when struck by a gust of wind. The plovers and curlews, uttering plaintive calls, fly from creek to lagoon over the marsh, and from the marsh to the beach. They follow with rapid feet the retreating waves down the slight descent of hard, smooth sand, and then returning scarcely keep out of the ripple and froth of the upward advancing brine. The gulls, some sitting lightly on the undulations of the sea, and others wheeling and soaring in the air, in calm and storm are equally out of danger. They laugh

while the tempest blows. Their peace and safety are the same, whether they sail with the wind, or make way against it; settle to the still water within the wall of the harbor, or to the white-capped waves of the troubled sea. Hundreds of the smaller gulls, or sea-swallows, fly about the islands and the lonely rocks off the Cape, filling the air with their piercing screams. They gather on the cliffs, which rise bare and gray out of the ocean, like parti-colored doves on the roofs of barns. On the coming of a boat toward their sea-girt retreat, they rise like a cloud, making vehement protestations against the intrusion. Though they have lofty battlements and bartizans, their best and most powerful resistance is their anxious and mournful cry, their confession of weakness and fear.

In the spring flying northward, and in the autumn southward, the water-fowls pass our Cape by thousands, — some by the way of Squam River, the larger number around the whole distance of the indented shore. Stopping to rest and feed awhile in Ipswich Bay, large numbers of gray coots, white-winged coots, sheldrakes, black-ducks, and brant, near Ipswich Beach and Plum Island, gather into one mass, covering a broad expanse of waves. Yachters and fowlers sailing toward the raft of birds, seeing their lively motions, and hearing their quacking and whistling, like the wild noises of a storm, grow eager and excited. As the yacht

approaches the birds, they begin to rise into the air by scores and fifties and hundreds. The sportsmen, then, with double-barrelled guns, bring many of them down, and with dip-nets secure them, while sailing on to repeat over and over the same diversion.

When a breeze freshens, or the north-west or east wind sweeps the Bay, small and large flocks one by one break off from the great mass, continuing their long journey. In September and October, passing Halibut Point, Andrews' Point, the Salvages, Gap Head, and Straitsmouth Island, the birds are shot by fowlers waiting for them in dories, and behind cliffs and boulders.

One golden autumnal day, Dick, the Welshman, on a cliff waiting for birds, had had no luck, and so under the shelter of a rock fell asleep. And sleeping he dreamed of his excellent position, and yet of watching for birds hour by hour in vain; of seeing them either too high overhead, or too far out from shore. At length there came a change. He saw flock after flock just above the waves, coming directly to pass his resting-place. This was too much for deep repose. He grasped his gun, which lay by his side, and springing upon his feet discharged it; but at random, and only to arouse himself from his dream, and to discover how near to the edge of the cliff above the roaring sea he stood; and to behold the swift flight of a flock of white-winged coots from immediately under his astonished eyes.

Upon the verge of winter, southward, and in early spring, northward, flocks of wild geese, slowly beating their wings and making a great din, pass over our Cape. In most instances they are high in air. Sometimes, however, they are so weary and borne down with weight of ice and snow on their wings, as to seek shelter and rest in Squam River or Cape Pond. Once a flock of wild geese, thus tired and heavily burdened, having dropped at night into this latter water, by morning were held fast by the rapidly forming ice, and so were easily captured by some sportsmen who had witnessed their descent.

"The migration of birds," . . . one says with becoming reverence and modesty, . . . "I know not how to give an account of it, it is so strange and admirable." Who else of all the thousands of thinking men could speak of this thing so hidden in mystery more wisely? William Cullen Bryant's lines "To a Water-fowl" reveal how much nearer the poet gets toward it than any one depending solely on the guidance of what is called positive science: —

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

This discursive talk of the birds of our Cape should be followed by a list of birds, and a list of birds' eggs, kindly furnished by Mr. G. P. Whitman, of Rockport. In intervals of relief from business, this gentleman attains the highest and happiest end of diversion. His collection is the result of but two years' occasional searching, and

is numbered according to the list of the Smithsonian Institution: —

LIST OF BIRDS FOUND ON CAPE ANN AND SURROUNDING WATERS.

Duck Hawk.
Snowy Owl.
Golden-winged Woodpecker.
Nighthawk.
Yellow Warbler.
Redstart.
Scarlet Tanager.
Cedar-bird.
Common Crow.
Semi-palmated Plover.
Piping Plover.
Black-bellied Plover.
Turnstone.
Red-breasted Snipe.
Grayback.
Purple Sandpiper.
Least Sandpiper.
Semi-palmated Sandpiper.
Sanderling.
Willet.
Stone Snipe.
Spotted Sandpiper.
Long-billed Curlew.
Canada Goose.
Brant.
Mallard.
Black Duck.
Springtail.
Blue-winged Teal.
Golden-eye.
Butter-ball.
Harlequin Duck.
Old-wife.
Velvet Duck.
Surf Duck.
Eider Duck.
King Eider.
Sheldrake.
Red-breasted Merganser.
Loon, or Great Northern Diver.
Red-throated Diver.
Guillemot.
Foolish Guillemot.
Herring Gull.
Kittiwake Gull.
Arctic Tern, or Sea-swallow.
Razor-billed Auk.
Sea Dove.
Loggerheaded Shrike.
Lesser Red-poll.

COMMON BIRDS ON CAPE ANN NOT YET OBTAINED.

Pigeon Hawk.
Sparrow Hawk.
Cooper's Hawk.
Sharp-shinned Hawk.
Red-shouldered Hawk.
Broad-winged Hawk.
Rough-legged Hawk.
Black Hawk.
Marsh Hawk.
Golden Eagle.
Bald Eagle.
Fish Hawk.
Great Horned Owl.
Mottled Owl.

Saw-whet Owl.
Downy Woodpecker.
Red-headed Woodpecker.
Ruby-throated Humming-bird.
Chimney Swallow.
Whippoorwill.
Belted Kingfisher.
King Bird.
Wood Thrush.
Robin.
Bluebird.
Ruby-crowned Wren.
Maryland Yellow-throat.
Golden-winged Warbler.
Pine-creeping Warbler.
Yellow-throated Warbler.
Green Black-cap Flycatcher.
Barn Swallow.
Cliff Swallow.
White-bellied Swallow.
Bank Swallow.
Great Northern Shrike.
Warbling Flycatcher.
Cat-bird.
Brown Thrush.
Long-billed Marsh Wren.
Winter Wren.
Red-bellied Nuthatch.
Black-capped Titmouse.
Shore Lark.
Purple Finch.
Black-throated Bunting.
Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
Bobolink.
Swamp Blackbird.
Orchard Oriole.
Crow Blackbird.
Blue Jay.
Wild Pigeon.
Ruffed Grouse.
Great Blue Heron.
Bittern.
Blue Heron.
Night Heron.
Golden Plover.
Killdeer.
Oystercatcher.
Summer Duck.
Red-head.
Surf Duck.
Yellow-bird.
Pine Finch.
Red Cross-bill.
Snow Bunting
Grass Finch.
Seaside Finch.
Snow-bird.
Field Sparrow.
Chipping Sparrow.
Song Sparrow.
Indigo-bird.
Wilson's Phalarope.
Red Phalarope.
Woodcock.
English Snipe.
Red-backed Sandpiper.
Jack Snipe.
Yellow-legs.
Hudsonian Curlew.
Esquimau Curlew.
Common Rail.
White-fronted Goose.
Green-winged Teal.
Shoveller.
Baldpate.
Hooded Merganser.
Common Gannet.
Double-crested Cormorant.
Wilson's Stormy Petrel.
Leach's Petrel.
Sooty Shearwater.
Puffin, or Labrador Auk.

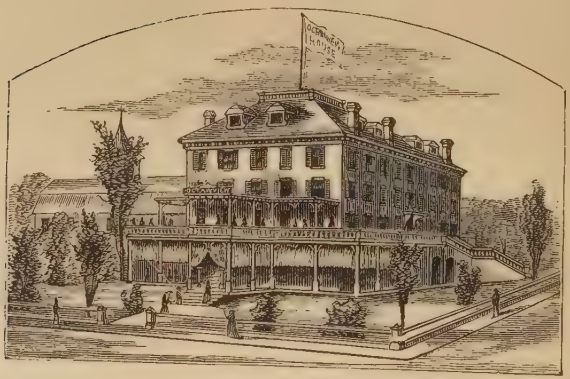
Glaucous Gull.
Great Black-backed Gull.
Laughing Gull.
Pomarine Skua.
Arctic Skua.

LIST OF BIRDS' EGGS FOUND ON CAPE ANN AND NEIGHBORING ISLANDS.

Cooper's Hawk.
Yellow-billed Cuckoo.
Black-billed Cuckoo.
Golden-winged Woodpecker.
Chimney Swallow.
King-bird.
Pewee.
Least Flycatcher.
Wilson's Thrush.
Maryland Yellow-throat.
Golden-winged Warbler.
Redstart.
Barn Swallow.
Cedar-bird.
Cat-bird.
Brown Thrush.
Purple Finch.
Field Sparrow.
Indigo-bird.
Bobolink.
Cow-bird.
Orchard Oriole.
Baltimore Oriole.
Crow Blackbird.
Common Crow.
Blue Jay.
Quail.
Night Heron.
Semi-palmated Plover.
Piping Plover.
Least Sandpiper.
Least Tern.
Arctic Tern.
Roseate Tern.

In remarks, Mr. Whitman says: "Dr. Samuels speaks of the turnstone as seldom seen in number more than two or three. But Mr. H. W. Woods and myself have seen flocks of twenty-five and thirty on Milk Island and elsewhere. They are very common here in the spring and in the fall." Referring to the list of eggs: "This is my list of eggs found on Cape Ann. There are many birds, beside, accustomed to breeding here. I have in my collection of eggs, obtained both here and elsewhere, one hundred and thirty-two kinds."

MINERALS OF CAPE ANN.



OCEAN VIEW HOUSE.

Since the whole Cape is composed of granite hills and ledges, streaked with trap, blotched with porphyry and quartz, and overstrewn with boulders, the mineralogists have here a rare field. They pierce and rive the huge and grand forms, to obtain the more precious minute ones within them. They get the purest quartz crystals from the solid heart of the quarry, and moon-stones from narrow crevices downward thirty feet from the top of the ledge. They have found on the Cape specimens of more than thirty classes of minerals, three of which have been discovered nowhere else. Incited

by the ever visible hints of the various substances which are secreted in the ledges, blocks of granite, and boulders and pebbles around them, they advance from the first steps of their study and search, until by means of correspondence and exchange they bring together specimens of minerals from all parts of the earth.

There are two valuable private cabinets of minerals in our own town. One of these, containing over two thousand specimens, belongs to Dr. Edward Barden, son of the late Rev. Stillman Barden; the other, containing thirteen hundred specimens, is the property of Mr. William J. Knowlton.

Mr. Barden, while faithful in the sphere of clerical duty, added to his fund of inward wealth, and extended the range of his usefulness, by walking forth frequently in close companionship with Nature, finding sermons of deep meaning and brilliant expression in her stones.

Young men looking for employment and pleasure above the plane of idleness and frivolity, following the lessons and example of this enthusiastic clergyman, rising every year in the ascending road of science, soon ascertained such employment and pleasure to have been always nearer to them than they had supposed.

Mr. Knowlton has been to the pains of furnishing, for the gratification of such as are interested in mineralogy, the following

LIST OF MINERALS WHICH HAVE BEEN FOUND ON CAPE ANN.

White Feldspar Crystals.
Green Feldspar Crystals (superior to any found in this country).
Albite Crystals.
Elæolite.
Moon-stones.
Smoky Quartz Crystals (very black, and closely resembling the St. Cothard specimens).
Blue Quartz.
Topaz.
Epidote.
Green and Purple Chlorophane.
Zinc Blende.
Spathic Iron.
Granular Magnetic Iron.

Galena.
Phyllite. } In boulders.
Staurotide. }
Spinel Ruby.
Zircon.
Ripidolite.
Molybdenite.
Danalite. } New to science, and found only in this locality.
Cryophyllite. }
Cyrtolite. }
Fergusonite. } These remind us of the minerals of Norway and Sweden.
Polymignite. }
Orangite. }
Yttro-tantalite. }
Ilmenite. }
Columbite. }
Lepidomelane. }
Wohlerite. }

CHALYBEATE MINERAL WATER.

A spring of Chalybeate Water was discovered near the termination of Andrews' Point in the summer of 1872. The following is the State Assayer's testimony as to its composition and qualities: —

STATE ASSAYER'S OFFICE,
BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1872.

I have made a chemical analysis of the water from the Springs at Ocean View, Pigeon Cove, Mass., and find that one imperial gallon (ten pounds of it) yields one hundred and twenty-eight grains of solid matters, of which the most important is Oxide of Iron, which exists as a Carbonate, and Sulphate of Iron.

The Oxide of Iron in a gallon of water weighs twenty-four grains. The other matters are Sulphate of Soda, Chlorides of Sodium and Calcium. The water is a true Chalybeate Mineral Water, having decided tonic properties.

C. T. JACKSON, M.D.,
State Assayer.

SEA-ANIMALS, SEA-WEEDS, AND SEA-MOSSES.

HALIBUT POINT.

The wonders of the sea are beyond computation. At whatever point approached, they more and more unveil to the vision. Though the curious, searching for them, never look farther over the lowest tide-line than they can see, they walk to and fro on the granite stairs slanting into the ocean as on the border of a broad demesne of forest, pasture, field, and garden, adorned with all manner of vegetation, from minute and delicate plants, rivalling the most frail and tender flowers on the land, to the rankest and tallest growths, swayed by the tides, as are the trees and shrubs on the hillsides by the winds; and stocked with creatures innumerable, some of which roam about in quest of food, selecting from time to time new places of rest, others abiding throughout their lifetime on the same spots, thousands of them clinging to the sides of rocks, thousands dwelling within shallow basins on the shore, thousands inhabiting deep and shadowy dens a little removed from the shore.

A few seals occasionally show themselves near the terminal points of the Cape, but oftener near the mouth of Squam River. Their round heads just appearing above the waves, and, on attracting attention, suddenly sinking out of sight, are almost the only signs of the presence of these interesting animals.

The *Crustacea* upon and near our coast are various and numerous. The lobsters, generally, are two or three hundred yards from low-water mark. At this distance from the shore the traps for catching them are set. Some of them come so near to the shore as to be occasionally caught by persons fishing for cunners with hook and line. Frequently very small lobsters find their way, or are thrown by the waves, into the hollows of the shelving shore. These cavities are filled with water, and cushioned and lined with mosses. The diminutive lobsters, together with crabs, blue-shelled clams, innumerable mussels and barnacles, in these superbly furnished and painted places of abode, make a happy or an amusing family. Often the rambler is arrested by the beautiful exhibition of a natural aquarium. On him is not put the care of keeping it in good condition, or of bringing it daily new supplies of water: the unfailing and unvarying tides fulfil the need. The hollow in the sloping granite, more ancient than any habitation of man, with appointments and decorations which the hand of man but poorly

imitates, is the palace of these mailed and blazoned little creatures. And the rambler peers into it, — into every apartment of it, into every corner of it, — while with hand or cane he parts the gold and amber curtains, or lifts the green and purple screens, to favor his curiosity to the utmost: all this he does without encountering opposition, or the frown and "Begone!" of offended exclusiveness. "Don't destroy us, don't molest us with rude hands," say the innocent inmates of the many-roomed and gorgeously adorned abode; "but look upon and learn of us to your heart's satisfaction and content. Occupy all the time you desire in attaining a knowledge of our forms and our modes of life, our employments and pleasures, our customs and manners."

Many persons on the Cape have for years added largely to the pleasure and profit of life in the common employments, by studying and gathering specimens of the plants and mosses of the sea. Most of these persons are ladies. They have visited repeatedly every point, cove, and beach of the Cape, and every island and sea-girt rock near its shore, to obtain for their books the surprising variety of mosses which in every storm the waves cast upon rock and sand within their reach. This brief allusion to their diversion and study is scarcely a hint of the greatness of their work. Looking over, from the beginning to the end of their books, their splendid collections, the dullest person would

catch something of the inspiration rendered in these lines "On a Book of Sea-mosses," by James T. Fields: —

> "These many-colored, variegated forms
> Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
> To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
> Such spoils we capture where the rainbows drop,
> Melting in Ocean. Here are broideries strange,
> Wrought by the sea nymphs from their golden hair,
> And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.
> From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we take
> These fairy textures lightly moored at morn.
> Down sunny slopes outstretching to the deep,
> We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these.
> Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles,
> Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
> What hues of land can rival tints like those
> Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings
> Who dwell beneath the waters?"

Mrs. Maria H. Bray, of West Gloucester, cheerfully responding to an invitation to do so, furnishes the following paragraphs concerning the sea-animals and the sea-mosses which have attracted her attention from time to time.

"The shores of Pigeon Cove, Rockport, and Thatcher's Island, offer to the seaside naturalist many curious and interesting forms of plant and animal life, — among which are to be found a large variety of algæ, a vast order of plants known as flowerless; 'but only so,' says Prof. J. L. Russell, 'because the organs, which are large and prominent in most other plants, are in these rudimentary

and minute, requiring the most patient research with the microscope to detect them.'

"Yet notwithstanding the difficulty of finding the floral parts of these so-called flowerless plants, there are portions of the sea-weeds which have, at certain seasons of the year, little bodies containing definitely formed granules which answer for seed; and on these characters, varying in each genus, the study and the arrangement of the several species to a great degree depend.

"The sea-weeds have no roots. Many float upon the surface of the ocean; and others, firmly affixed to the bottom, or to stones and shells, are only anchored for security; their nourishment being derived from the atmosphere and from the water in which they are periodically or continually immersed.

"Once these plants, the number of kinds it would be impossible to definitely state, were considered of no value; but, in later days, intelligent inquiry and patient scientific research have unfolded their great value. They have both medicinal and fertilizing properties.

"Growing in great luxuriance in all the tide-pools, and upon all the rocks that are submerged by every incoming tide, is the *Chondrus crispus*, or the Carrageen moss. Its tough, forked fronds are of a dark brown, some of them a lovely crimson; others, especially under water, iridescent. It is sometimes called Irish, and sometimes Iceland, Moss. It is

highly esteemed for its edible and nutritious properties. The name Carrageen arises from the fact that these properties were first demonstrated in Carrageen, Ireland. During the months of July and August a large amount of this moss is thrown upon the shore, where in rain and sun it becomes bleached and fit for use.

"In the tide-pools — many of them, particularly about Thatcher's Island, curious natural aquariums — the botanist can study and admire a great many species of algæ. After one of the north-east storms, so frequent on this coast during the spring and autumn, he will be well repaid for clambering over rocks and wading through pools along the shore searching for them. In this way choice collections of sea-mosses have been secured. Sometimes one finds among our own northern mosses a southern habitat, brought hither by winds and waves.

"A common alga, and one of the most beautiful, is the *Ptilota serrata*. It is found in every season. It is usually of a deep red. Its strong, tough fronds make it a desirable variety to arrange in baskets or in shells. It is easily raised from the paper on which it has been floated out.

"Another attractive alga, much sought after for the herbarium, the *Callithamnion Americanum*, is found here.

"The *Desmarestia aculeata* is abundant at Loblolly Cove. The name is from Desmarest, the

French botanist. It is a pretty alga. In the young state its branches are covered with very delicate green filaments. Older branches lose these, and become spiny and hard. The finest specimens are obtained during the late winter months and in the early spring.

"The *Desmarestia beridis* is also found in the same locality. This has all the branches arranged in pairs, and lacks the fine, soft filaments of the *Desmarestia aculeata*.

"Beautiful specimens of *Ptilota elegans* are obtained at Thatcher's Island. It grows upon some of the large rocks. It is generally concealed from view by a heavy growth of Fuci. The deep chasm near the North Tower is one of the best places for collectors searching for this alga particularly.

"Another curious and interesting specimen, always found after a storm among the huge *Laminaria*, is the Sea Colonder (*Agarum Turneri*). Its fronds are thin and tender, and pierced with numerous holes. 'It grows when undisturbed,' says Prof. J. L. Russell, 'at the depth of ten fathoms of water. To find its seeds, one must select the old and battered specimens cast up in early winter, in the thickened portions of which they form dark-colored patches.'

"In the *Delesseria* order, named for Benjamin Delessert, the French naturalist, a favorite variety is the *D. sinuosa*. Its fronds are often varied in color. Perfect specimens of this alga are found in

almost any of the tide-pools. It is found also in spring and autumn on the beaches. 'The fruit,' says Prof. Eaton, 'is not very common. Like all other red algæ, the fruit is of two kinds and always on separate plants.'

"The *Cladophora areta* and the *Ulva latissima* are two fine varieties. The latter is a bright green, growing plentifully on the rocks of Straitsmouth and Thatcher's Islands. Lightfoot says that in the Scottish Highlands it is bound about the temples in fevers, and is thought to induce sleep; and in the Western Isles it is stewed with pepper, vinegar, and onions as a dish for dinner.

"The large family of *Polysiphonia*, of many forms and sizes, is well represented along the coast. The Greek name signifies 'many tubes.' Several varieties of this family, and also the *Rhodomela subfusca*, *Euthora cristata*, *Ceramium rubrum*, *Rhodymenia palmata*, together with many other named and unnamed algæ, have their habitat in some of the natural aquariums and tide-pools, or after a storm they drift to the shore from their homes beneath the billows to reward the naturalist for his labors.

"Several forms of zoöphytes are found at Thatcher's Island, and in some localities near Rockport and Pigeon Cove. The name implies animal and plant in one. Some of the varieties partake so largely of the plant life in structure and growth that they are often classed with the algæ.

"The polyps known as the sea-anemones are of the most beautiful of the zoöphyte family. Fine specimens are found on the water-side of or under the large boulders over which the tide daily rises near the Western Head of Thatcher's Island. They are also found in some of the crevices of Loblolly Cove. They are of various colors: some are pale-yellow, and others dark-brown, orange, and pure white.

"Prof. Verrill, in the 'Sea-Side' number of 'The American Naturalist' for 1868, writes thus of the sea-anemone: 'It makes a very pleasing pet in confinement, and, if allowed plenty of room and fresh sea-water, will expand almost constantly. It feeds readily upon the flesh of all sorts of shell-fish, and will not refuse bits of raw beef. And, if necessity compels, it will live for months or even a year without food; but, curiously enough, it will continually grow smaller and smaller, so that a specimen at first five or six inches high, and two in diameter, may thus be reduced to the height of an inch and the diameter of less than half an inch, the number of tentacles and chambers being proportionately reduced. In the confinement of an aquarium, or even in a jar or bowl of sea-water, one of these marvels will soon make itself at home, and, fixing itself on one side of the vessel by its base, will expand its feathery plume of tentacles day after day in search of tiny prey; and woe to the unlucky creature, be it animalcule, shell-fish, shrimp, or fish,

that comes in contact with its crown of gorgon tentacles armed with myriads of poison-darts, deadly to all creatures destined to be its prey. When fully expanded, this species has a very graceful form, which cannot fail to please any one who has a taste for the symmetry and beauty of natural objects.'

"Jelly-fishes, star-fishes, sea-urchins, and snails are on the shores without number. The last named (*Littorina pallata*) are always found on the wet rocks and moist sea-weed, about the size of large peas, of color dark-brown, and sometimes yellow. The cockle (*Purpura capilus*) is much larger than the snail. Its shell is thick and strong. The colors are white, yellow, and brown; and some of the shells are beautiful, banded with all these hues. The cockle is said to be the species from which the celebrated Tyrian purple was obtained. In using it for bait when fishing for cunners, the fingers become stained with purple.

"Several of the *Mytilidæ*, or Mussel family, have their home among the sea-rocks. The large variety, called the horse-mussel, is always an object of interest to the naturalist.

"Razor-clams, lobsters, several species of crabs, are natives of our shores. The most remarkable member of the crab family is the hermit or soldier crab. It is called the soldier-crab because of its pugnacious and belligerent characteristics. Prof. E. S. Morse gives the following description of this animal:—

'The hermit-crab, like other members of the class *Crustacea*, increases in size through a process called "moulting." The hardened crust outside does not grow: it is only a hardened skin, as it were. Now as the body within increases in size, the outside shell must be thrown off. This throwing off of the outside crust is called "moulting," and takes place at certain times.

'Our hermit-crab has still another stage to go through after moulting; for, when this process has taken place, it finds its coiled shell too small for it, and must go back on that tiresome search called "house-hunting." Back and forth it travels on the beach. Here it meets one altogether too large; and an amusing sight it is to see it drag its soft and helpless tail from the shell to try another to see if it fits. Sometimes it meets with a shell that is apparently just the thing, but unluckily it is already occupied by a brother hermit; and so, without any apologies, it proceeds by force to eject its tenant. A fight ensues, and oftentimes ends in the ejectment and mutilation of the occupant.'

"In this brief sketch of the marine forms of plant and animal life, I have omitted to mention many other interesting species, which the naturalist will do well to look for, and so secure a large variety of specimens, both for the cabinet and the aquarium."

THE CONCLUSION.

Thus the regions of land and sea around Pigeon Cove have been partly surveyed. Readers at a distance, unused to the peculiar aspects and changes of these regions, need not think they have been described in the strain of exaggeration. Those who have lived longest on our promontory bear within their minds the most numerous and the deepest impressions of the marvels connected with it. The far-away-inland dwellers, among the mountains and on the prairies, would find here the most glowing and enthusiastic descriptions more than confirmed. "It *is* salt," said the Indian preacher who had come from the north side of Lake Erie to see his brethren in Christian faith near the Atlantic, and to see the Atlantic too. He had not doubted what he had heard and read of the saltness of the sea, but he wanted the certainty of a taste of it. Standing on the rocks and looking into the sea, he expressed surprise and admiration, the water was so clear. Scooping a little of it with his hollowed hand, and tasting it, "It *is* salt," he said; and his countenance brightened. As to this one thing he had not been deceived. Nor had he been deceived as to many, many wonders of the ocean. For every curious and marvellous tale; for every Indian tradition, legend, and myth which he had to tell, he soon learned that he could get in

return many a pleasing surprise, many a mysterious, impressive lesson. At Overlook, on an evening in autumn, to a group of listeners seated before a glowing grate, he sang some of the hymns of the Delawares, playing on the piano his own accompaniments. He also repeated a series of myths. These were alive with the spirit of poetry, and brilliant with the colors of the imagination. So well did he relate his Pagan fictions, that to those who heard them the high-wrought recitals of Longfellow's Indian epic will no longer seem overdone. Afterwards, at the seaside, it was his turn to be entertained. Here, indeed, he was drawn by the new flavor and odor of brine, the splendor of countless waves, and the ceaseless rote of the beating surf, into a boundless realm of wonder and mystery.

The Indian visitor's word often comes to mind. The sea *is* salt. Moreover, it never loses its savor. It is the same year after year, — a conservator of the world's life and vigor; and, through innumerable forms and mutations, a minister of blessing to the minds and hearts of men.

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers:
> For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

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